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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 2, 1954 / 20¢

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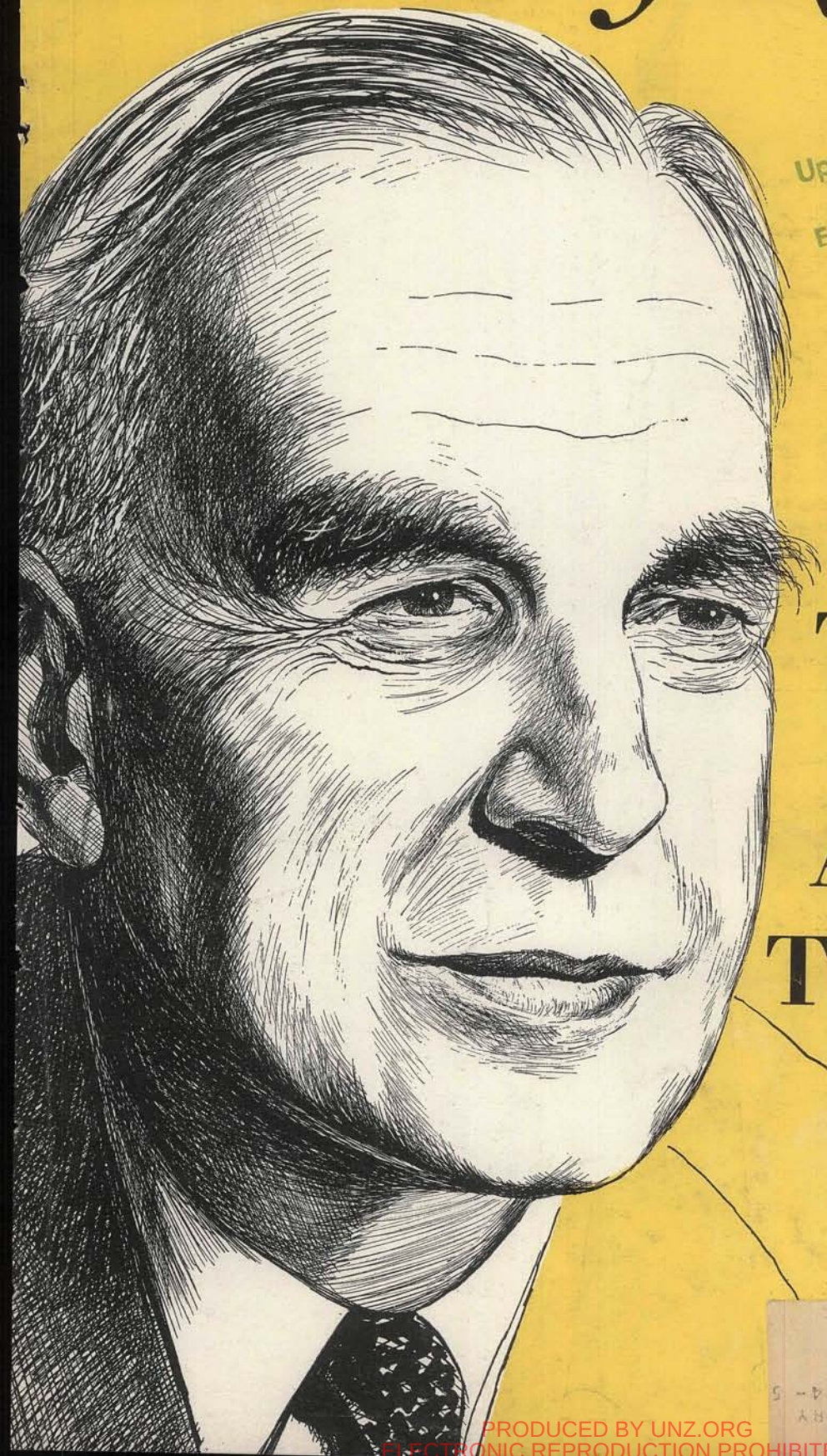

"I OWE MY THANKS"

An Article by

ARNOLD TOYNBEE

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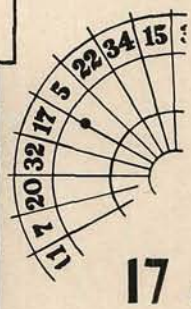

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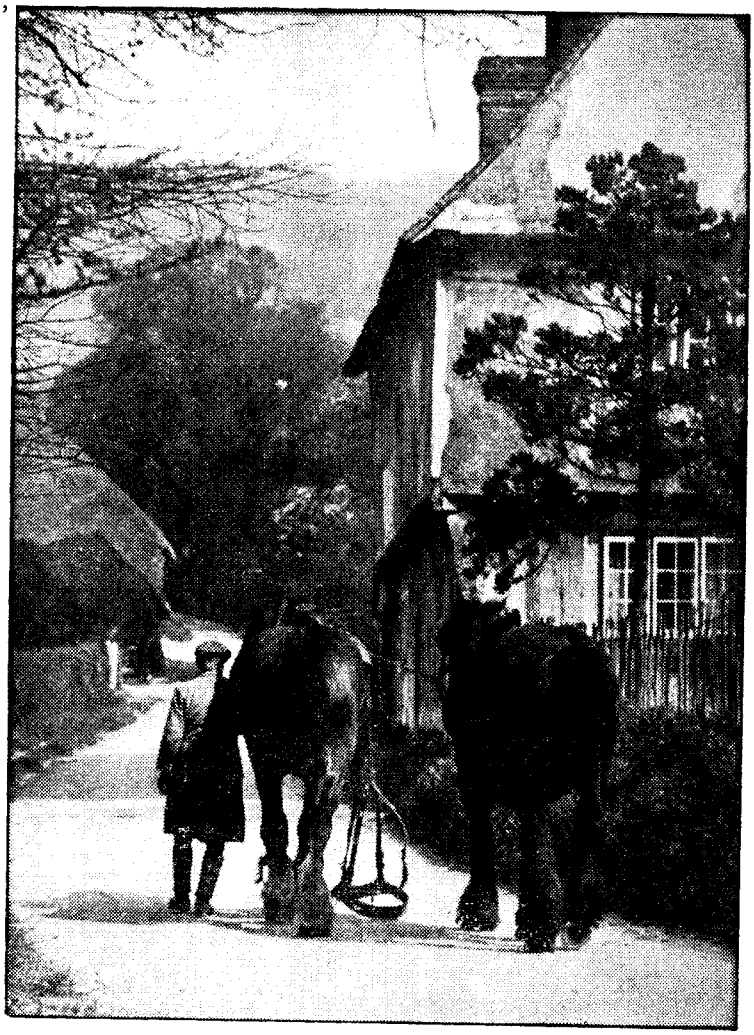
"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way . . ."

Traditional BRITAIN



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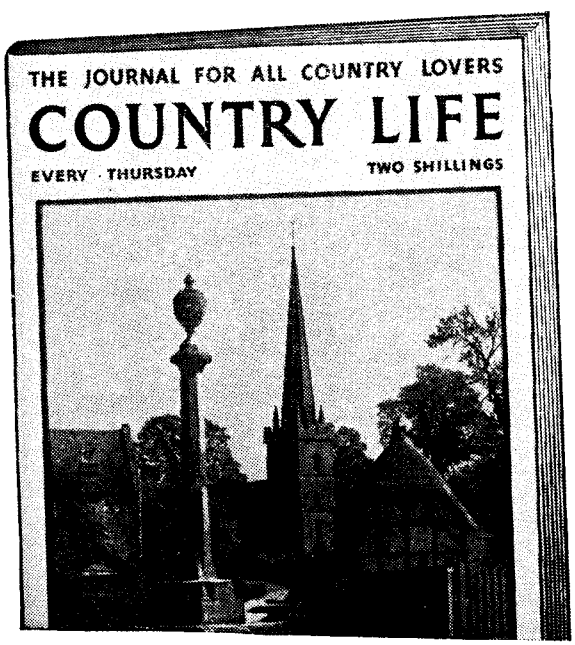

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There is a man, not an editor, in my office, who is a firm believer in signs. He keeps off the grass, moves to the rear of the bus, pays when served and never feeds the animals.

When he sees a THINK sign, he stops dead in his tracks. For he can never THINK what to THINK about. And his problem is made more serious by the fact that his office is directly across Madison Avenue from a building with THINK signs in almost every window.

His secretary can recognize the symptoms, and when he starts staring blankly out the window, she flashes a little card in his face. "See your bookseller," it reads, and it brings him around at once.

She's an inventive girl, this secretary, and she's getting some signs for her windows. READ, they will say, and she's promised to report what happens across the street.

For those who READ and for those who THINK, and especially for those who READ *and* THINK, I have good news. There are eight new Anchor Books, the paper volumes for the permanent library of the serious reader.

The new titles are "Aesthetics and History," by Bernard Berenson; "Eight Essays," by Edmund Wilson; "Greek Tragedy," by H. D. F. Kitto; "Sea and Sardinia," by D. H. Lawrence; "The Great Tradition," by F. R. Leavis; "The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science," by E. A. Burtt; "The Waning of the Middle Ages," by J. Huizinga; and "What Maisie Knew," by Henry James.

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 2, 1954

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SR's Library Poll

THE Overstreets ("The Mind Alive" is #8 on *SR*'s list this week) are a solid-psychologist couple who seem to have solved the knottiest of the problems they—in many other books, too—discuss: how does a man live and grow with that cold world into which his parents, talents, and appetites have dumped him? Knottiest of all is the difficulty of wives and husbands. But the Overstreets have conquered everything, and tranquilly compose their works side by side.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Magnificent Obsession**
   by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
7. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
8. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
9. **A Fable**
   by William Faulkner (F)
10. **The Dollmaker**
    by Harriette Arnow (F)
11. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
12. **TNT, the Power Within You**
    by Clyde M. Bristol (G)
13. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
14. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
15. **Love Is Eternal**
    by Irving Stone (F)
16. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
19. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
    by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

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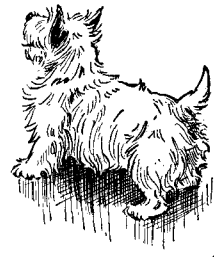
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

BIG HIT... Year in, Year out!

"TALK ABOUT 'LONG-RUN' FAVORITES, WHITEY, HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?"



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"A truly great book"

— to quote the old cliché, is a book that will stand the test of time. This principle also works in reverse, in the case where the principles which motivate a book have already withstood the batterings of time. Such a book, on both counts, is Russell Kirk's *A Program For Conservatives* which we will publish on October 12th.

Mr. Kirk, already the author of a modern classic, *The Conservative Mind,* a study of the roots and development of modern conservatism, has outlined magnificently the role of the modern conservative in the Twentieth Century. Rather than reproduce a lot of sterile adjectives, we will reprint below the concluding paragraph of *A Program For Conservatives* and let Mr. Kirk speak at his eloquent best:

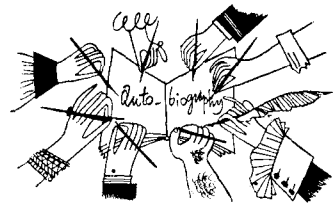
"Great civilizations do not fall at a single blow. Our civilization has sustained several terrible assaults already, and still it lives; but that does not mean that it can live for ever, or even endure through another generation. Like a neglected old house, a society whose members have forgot the ends of society's being and of their own lives sinks by degrees almost imperceptible toward its ruin. The rain comes in at the broken pane; the dry-rot spreads like the corpse of a tree within the wall; the plaster drops upon the sodden floor; the joists groan with every wind; and the rat, creeping down the stair at midnight gnaws his dirty way from the desolate kitchen to the mildewed satins of the parlor. We men of the twentieth century have this house only, and no other: *the storm outside, in the winter of our discontent, will allow of no idle building of dream-castles; the summer indolence of the age of optimism is long gone by. The conservative, if he knows his own tradition, understands that his appointed part, in the present forlorn state of society, is to save man from fading into a ghost condemned to linger hopeless in a rotten tenement."*

This passage, and indeed the whole of *A Program For Conservatives,* suggests that Russell Kirk, like his famous predecessors, Locke, Mill and Hobbes, is one of the few truly original minds of our day and that his task of relating the philosophy of conservatism to our age will have an untold effect on the future of all men.

Henry Regnery • Chicago

TRADE Winds

QUIZ QUESTION NO. 1: What have the following in common? Jazz Man Louis Armstrong (Prentice-Hall), ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee (Viking), Bank Robber "Blackie" Audett (Morrow), ex-Vice President Alben W. Barkley (Doubleday), *Vogue* Lady Edna Woolman Chase (Doubleday), Death-cellman Caryl Chessman (Prentice-Hall), Aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran (Little, Brown), Lord Nor-

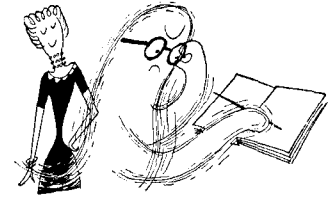


wich (Dutton), Maj. Gen. William F. Dean (Viking), Barnard Dean Virginia Gildersleeve (Macmillan), Portrait-painter Frances Cranmer Greenman (Harper), Roman Emperor Hadrian (Farrar), Sir Patrick Hastings (Roy), Footballer Pudge Heffelfinger (Barnes), Texan Sam Houston (University of Oklahoma), Comedian Bob Hope (Simon and Schuster), His Highness the Aga Khan (Simon and Schuster), Goodyear-Rubber man P. W. Litchfield (Doubleday), Bullfighter Patricia McCormick (Holt), Oklahoma Lawyer James Mathers (Morrow), Partygiver Elsa Maxwell (Little, Brown), Politician Newbold Morris (Appleton), Actress Mary Pickford (Doubleday), Nazi Joachim von Ribbentrop (British Book Centre), Designer Elsa Schiaparelli (Dutton), Missouri Farmer Thad Snow (Houghton Mifflin) and Microbe Hunter Dr. Selman A. Waksman (Simon and Schuster).

The answer, of course, is that they have all, in one form or another, written recent or forthcoming autobiographies. And, in some cases, this took some doing, particularly in the three posthumous jobs. (Ribbentrop, for example, wrote his memoirs while waiting for the hangman who, unlike Chessman's executioner, was not put off; Sam Houston, at age 161, is being recreated in his own words, and the Emperor Hadrian is being fictionally recreated at what would, this fall, be 1,878 years old.) Elsewhere, too, ghosts were hard at work. In fact, with the exception of Lady Chase, Dean Gildersleeve, Farmer Snow, and Dr. Waksman, it is safe to say that without the assistance of ghosts none of the other books would have appeared at all. There is an agreement in the publishing business not to make a public spectral out of a sbook's being hosted; nonetheless, in the past few years an extraordinary number of ghosts have received, at the very least, extremely prominent anonymity. These have included, among others, Louis Biancolli (Mary Garden and Kirsten Flagstad), J. Bryan III (Admiral Halsey), Jimmy Breslin (who ghosted "My Pal Ben Hogan" for *his* pal Jimmy Demaret), Irving Kolodin (Oscar Levant and Benny Goodman), David Loth (books about doctors), Richard Maney ("Tallulah"), Pete Martin (Bing Crosby and Bob Hope), Joe Alex Morris (General Clark), Charles Murphy (The Duke of Windsor), Charles Samuels (Ethel Waters), Sidney Shalett (Kefauver and Barclay), Evelyn Wells (General Romulo), and William Worden (General Dean).

ALL OF WHICH brings us to Quiz Question No. 2. Whatever happened to plain biography, with no auto at all, the way it was in the old days when Carlyle called it "the only true history"? Somehow, between ghosted autobiographies or memoirs—what might be called "me-mores"—on the one hand, and, on the other, the outside or Unauthorized Versions—which might be called "antibiographies"—poor old-fashioned biography seems to have been all but lost in the shuffle. Even the sons of famous people have ignored it—witness "Father's Footsteps," by Damon Runyon Jr. (Random), and "Son of Oscar Wilde," by Vyvyan Holland (Dutton). In both cases (Holland changed his name after his father's public disgrace) they have produced what amounts to both autobiography and antibiography at the same time—and, it seems, the "I for an I" trend has gone full cycle.

The Duchess of Windsor is perhaps the best example of the dilemma. In the time she has been trying out ghosts (close to three years) no less than three antibiographies have been



written about her; the third, Geoffrey Bocca's "The Woman Who Would Be Queen" (Rinehart), appears next month. In contrast, the Aga Khan faced up to his problem immediately;

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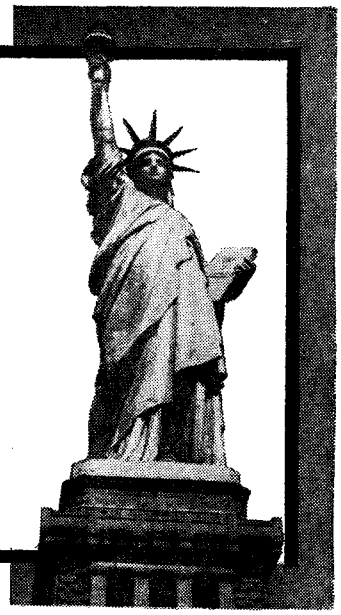
"Education makes people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave."—LORD BROUGHAM



Books are the bedrock upon which all self-education must rest, and if American ideals are going to survive the battle for the minds and loyalties of men, we must have a well educated citizenry.

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in compiling "The Memoirs of Aga Khan—World Enough and Time" he wore out two ghosts and a private editor; nonetheless, he ended up with a $6 book (as yet unweighed) and a preface by Somerset Maugham. "What His Highness wanted," says one ex-ghost, "was a monument, not a portrait."

Along with autobiography and anti-biography there is a third type of biography which is rearing its pret-tified head these days—probiography. This trend is particularly noticeable in the case of the Texas oilmen, specifically in a forthcoming book by Ed Kilman and Theon Wright enti-tled "Hugh Roy Cullen—a Story of American Opportunity." Mr. H. R. Cullen, who lives in Houston, is slightly to the right of Mr. H. L. Hunt, who lives in Dallas, and in this book he is never wrong. Here in-deed even the publisher's note is on the bias. "Hugh Roy Cullen," it says, "will show democratic-thinking peo-ple everywhere that frontiers are never closed."

RATHER discouraged about the fron-tiers of American biography, we paid a call on Columbia's Robert Livings-ton Schuyler, the new editor of Sup-plement Two of the "Dictionary of American Biography." Harvard's late Frederick J. Turner originally sug-gested the DAB and the American Council of Learned Societies under-took the sponsorship with the help of more than $500,000 from the late Adolph Ochs and *The New York Times*. Nowadays Scribner keeps the complete set in print (twenty-two volumes for $184). Together with Scribner's "Dictionary of American History" (six volumes for $60) it forms, in the opinion of most authori-ties, a library of Americana worth all the one-, two-, and even three-volume encyclopedias put together.

Dr. Schuyler, a scholarly-looking gentleman of seventy-one, has the job of choosing the 700 most famous Americans who died between 12:01 A.M. January 1, 1936, and 12 P.M. December 31, 1940, and having them carefully and impartially biographied

Solution of last week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1070)

ED. STREETER:
MR. HOBBS' VACATION

Burying his face beneath the sur-face, he thrashed violently through the water for several feet, using what he conceived to be a crawl stroke. Having made this concession to vi-rility, he turned over on his back and paddled slowly out to the rock.

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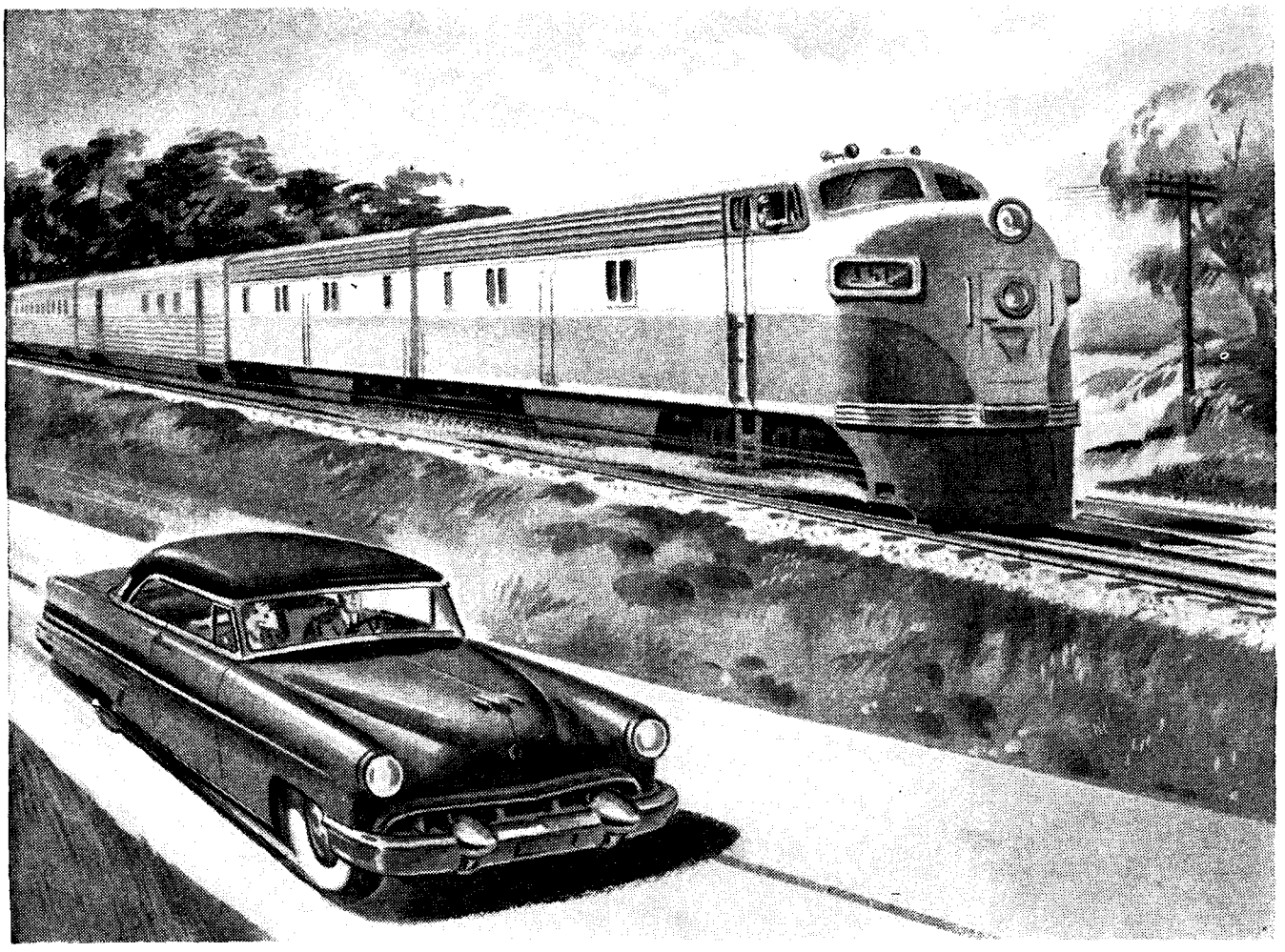

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in an average of 850 words. "Thank heavens," he told us, "I don't have Franklin Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, I haven't got any Presidents at all." Dr. Schuyler was also pleased with the fact that he would not have any "pickups"—in other words, people who were missed in previous volumes. He told us his predecessor, New Haven's Dr. Harris Starr, who did Supplement One, had quite a number of pickups, including Erastus Flavel Beadle, originator of the dime novel; Adolphus Busch, brewer; Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, Catholic

saint; and Al Sieber, Army scout. "But in Dr. Starr's own supplement," Dr. Schuyler said, "he never missed a single person of the first rank. And remember those pickups were all there were of importance out of more than 300 years of America divided into more than 14,000 names."

Dr. Schuyler told us that for his own Supplement Two he had plenty of what he called "heavy cream." He then proceeded to rattle off Benjamin Cardozo, Finley Peter Dunne, George Gershwin, Colonel House, Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, Elihu Root, and Edith Wharton. "But most of my 700," he added, "never had a life written about them at all."

We asked Dr. Schuyler about his skimmed milk—both biographee and biographer. "From the beginning," he said, "with men like Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, the DAB was based on a broad conception of American life. We take anyone in any field if, in the opinion of experts in and around his field, he has made some significant contribution to that life." Looking over the DAB under "Occupations," we found that Dr. Schuyler was indeed right. Under "Indian Chiefs" there are fifty-eight biographees, under "Burglar" one (New Hampshire's Seth Wyman), under "Vagrants" one (Boston's Daniel Pratt) and under "Impostors" one (Philadelphia's John Keely). Under "Birthplaces by States" we counted exactly 1,876 men born in New York and 1,869 born in Massachusetts. (What Bostonian would miss counting that?) We also found that there were only sixteen born in Texas and in Arizona only one—Geronimo.

"I don't know whether Leo Durocher, if he died, would appear," Dr. Schuyler continued. "We've only

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had seven baseball players in twenty volumes, but Gene Tunney would. Bobby Jones, if he died, would too. By the way, he isn't dead, is he?" We shook our head. We asked him about women. It was Dr. Schuyler's turn to shake his head. "Well, really great actresses can appear, but you know how it is with women. It's tougher all down the line."

"As for the biographers," Dr. Schuyler continued, "we are constantly searching for re-interpretation of character and career by getting new points of view. At the same time I think it would be a kind of a question-mark if the man recognized as the standard authority didn't do the biography."

Dr. Schuyler paused. "I try to steer clear of competitors," he said, "and I want fair objectivity. Discipleship is okay," he concluded, "but not relationship. And even with a disciple I want one who will lean over backwards."

ALTOGETHER, we felt all right again about the future of biography. And, this being our last column, we now turn back the reins, with thanks, to our friend and yours, Bennett Cerf; our Cerfdom is over. Before we do so, however, we think in deference to the World Series we should close with at least passing mention of the forthcoming "The Tumult and the Shouting," the late Grantland Rice's autobiography (Barnes), and also to pass on at least one baseball story. It comes from Stewart Holbrook, author of the forthcoming "Down on the Farm" (Crown). Ten years ago Mr. Holbrook wrote the definitive history of forest fires entitled "Burning an Empire" (Macmillan). Unfortunately, it appeared at World Series time and Mr. Holbrook immediately had a letter from an irate fan. "I want my money back," he said. "There wasn't a word about baseball in it."

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

Desert Springtide

By Ethel Jacobson

CLOSER here the heavens lean
As if to bless,
Loving so much this desert scene.
This wilderness
Of sage, mesquite, saguara, sand,
Of butte and plain,
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For far-flung miles,
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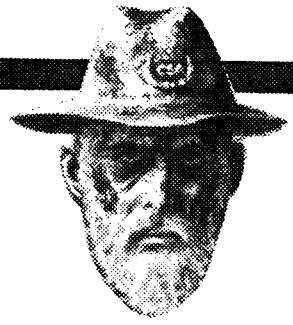

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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 2, 1954

I OWE MY THANKS

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

EDITOR'S NOTE: High in importance on the list of fall books are the concluding four volumes of Arnold Toynbee's monumental, ten-volume "A Study of History," which Oxford University Press will publish October 14. In the closing section—"Acknowledgements"—Mr. Toynbee pauses to give long and leisurely thanks to the many persons, books, and ideas which have modeled him, as a man and an historian, during his lifetime. The editors of *The Saturday Review* were so impressed by the winning quality and extraordinary breadth of these acknowledgements, and by the light they cast on the evolution of a comprehensive and critical mind, that this week they are printing large parts of the section, by arrangement with the publisher.

Toynbee himself is one result of the century of Western ascendancy and prosperity he criticizes, a century which has witnessed a spectacular expansion in all departments of learning and academic enterprise. Of history itself it is claimed that a college professor in 1954 knows more about the Peloponnesian Wars than did Aristotle in 340 B.C. Unfortunately, now that academic departments have reached this great size and competence the fundamental structures of history seem to be pretty much settled. It is most unlikely that there can be further sensational discoveries to compare to Schliemann's excavations at Troy or Evans's reconstruction of Minoan Crete. Modern postgraduates are compelled to devote their ardors to such refinements as: "Red Glazed Pottery, Tarsus Excavations, Middle Imperial Period" or "Royal Forests in Lancashire, 1380-1400."

In reaction to this superspecialization, it was inevitable that a few ambitious historians would essay a simultaneous consideration of all history. The scope of such a task is beyond the imagination. No historian can know as much about each period as the specialists in each one; at the same time, if the historian is less than perfectly thorough and accurate in dealing with each separate period he will be accused of bending the facts over his general theory.

Arnold Toynbee and Oswald Spengler, an Englishman and a German, are the two most renowned summers-up. Despite differences of detail, their work is very similar. Toynbee is probably the more learned, accurate, and optimistic man; Spengler the more original. Both isolated for consideration a basic historical unit, the "culture" or the "society"; Toynbee teaches that there have been eleven "societies" (Egyptian, Minoan, Graeco-Roman, etc.) since the dawn of history. The problem is to examine and compare the patterns of these eleven societies in detail, from birth to dissolution, to discover if there is an internal dynamics or organization in civilization which enables us to predict the future of our own society. Toynbee concludes that there are enough features common to all societies to warrant the hypothesis of "form" in society. His terms for the relations of this "form"—"creative minority," "challenge and response," "time of troubles," etc.—have already passed to some extent into popular currency. Incidentally, Toynbee foresees the imminent unification of the world as a consequence of our very recent technological and political revolutions. The task, says he, is to keep our society spiritually vigorous and politically adaptable, so that we become the masters of this unification rather than its victims.

I. TO MARCUS, FOR TEACHING ME TO RETURN THANKS TO MY BENEFACTORS

MARCUS AURELIUS taught me by example how good and how pleasant it is for a writer to declare his gratitude to his pastors and masters. The first of the twelve books of Marcus's "Meditations" consists of a recital of his spiritual debts; and, when I read the "Meditations" for the first time in A.D. 1913, this one book moved me more than the eleven books containing Marcus's notes of his own philosophy. I was struck by the warmth of the human feeling that this first book displays, and by the sincerity and delicacy with which this feeling is expressed. The lesson that I then learnt from Marcus has been in my mind for the past thirty-nine years, and now the time has come for me to act on it.

II. TO MY MOTHER, FOR MAKING ME AN HISTORIAN

MY MOTHER awakened in me a lifelong interest in history by communicating to me her own interest in it

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at a very early stage of my life. At the youngest age to which my memory can travel back I was already possessed, thanks to what my Mother had by then already done for me, by a love for History which has never left me. If my Mother had not given my mind—and heart too—this early bent, I am sure that I should not ever have written this book; so she bears some responsibility for the undertaking.

III. TO EDWARD GIBBON, FOR SHOWING ME, BY EXAMPLE, WHAT AN HISTORIAN COULD DO

EDWARD GIBBON, in "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has always been my cynosure; and I have come to appreciate the greatness of his intellectual powers as I have come to realize that he did almost all that he did do by sheer intellectual prowess, in despite of the handicap imposed on his imagination by the narrowness of his sympathies with the human objects of his historical studies.

IV. TO PEOPLE, INSTITUTIONS, LANDSCAPES, MONUMENTS, PICTURES, LANGUAGES, AND BOOKS, FOR EXCITING MY CURIOSITY

MY GREAT-UNCLE, Captain Henry Toynbee (*vivebat* A.D. 1819-1909), who had commanded the East Indiamen *Ellenborough, Floriana, Marlborough,* and *Hotspur* and had retired from the sea in A.D. 1866 to become Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological Office in London, without ever having served on a steamship, made me familiar with the build and life of the full-rigged sailing ship, which had been the master tool of the Western Civilization in its Modern Age, and which has vanished from the face of the seas within my own lifetime.

My great-uncle conjured up for me, as living realities, not only the modern Western squarerigged sailing ship and the seas over which she sailed, but also the ports in India and China for which she was bound. I could picture the Hoogly pilot coming on board in all his glory, and the lascars chanting sonorous epic poetry as they labored at the capstan. Every Sunday afternoon my uncle's old friend General Crofton, who lived in Westbourne Square and had sailed from England to India in my uncle's ship with reinforcements during the Indian Mutiny, used to come to tea at our house in London, and I was never tired of hearing the two old men exchanging reminiscences. (On one of these Sundays my uncle's nephew by marriage, Colonel Baden Powell, then just home from Mafeking and at the height of his fame, also came to call; and the two old men, after their usual talk about the Indian Mutiny, finally turned to their junior and asked him politely whether they were not right in thinking that he, too, had lately been on active service somewhere or other, and whether he would not tell them something about it. While my parents and I could hardly contain our laughter, the hero of the South African War had to tell us, as news, all that had been in the headlines months ago.)

The sea captain's and the sapper general's talk, the gigantic triple section of bamboo stem standing by the fireplace in the back part of the dining-room, the copper bonze riding the buffalo (then in the glass bookcase and today on the mantelpiece in my study), the set of red-and-white Indian chessmen, Aunt Ellen's water-color sketches of Indian scenes round the dining-room walls, and the fascinating legend of the duck-barge on the Yangtse, to which the ducks were summoned home at nightfall by a trumpet call—and came home quick, because they all knew that the last duck to return would be soundly thrashed—all this made India and China come alive for me. The evocation of these other worlds in my imagination was completed by my delight in the exotic trees in "The Flower Walk" in Kensington Gardens, and by the models of Indian houses and villages (monkeys and all) and of Chinese rockgardens in the Indian Museum.

AS A PRESENT for my sixteenth birthday, my uncle William Toynbee gave me tickets for my Mother and me to see a performance of Gilbert Murray's translation of "The Trojan Women" of Euripides. As I write this, on May 11, 1951, I am taking out of the row of G. M.'s works in the bookcase, given me by my Mother, the copy of the text that we bought at the theatre, with my name in it in my Mother's handwriting, dated "25th April, 1905." That afternoon I learnt that a Greek play could be conjured back to life.

MY MOTHER introduced me to Robert Browning. In my fourth year at Winchester his poetry was one of the three special subjects set for our English Literature Prize, and, in the Christmas holidays of A.D. 1905-06, my Mother and I read Browning together. I can remember the evening, in the lamplight, when she opened a volume and said: "I will begin with 'My Star'; I wonder what you will think of it." Her pleasure at the prospect of sharing her love of Browning's poetry with me had opened my heart to the poet before I had heard a line.

Cyril Bailey introduced me to Lucretius when I was finishing my education in the Hellenic literature by reading for the School of *Litterae Graecae et Latinae* at Oxford:

Supremus veniet, clueat qui
dignu' poeta—
Hic deus, hic—fundens divina
carmina voce.

I could never emulate my tutor's learning in the text of Lucretius's poem or in the philosophy of Lucre-

TOYNBEE ON THE DISCOVERY OF TRUTH: "The error, to which scholars are prone, of spoiling their work by continuing to revise it after it has reached its optimum state can often be traced to an infantile ignorance of one of the fundamental rules of art. The occasion on which the present writer had learnt this rule had made an indelible mark on his memory. [He recalled] a day in July 1894, on which he was intently watching his Mother painting a water-color sketch of a ruined church. When his Mother had finished the sketch and they were looking at it together, he pointed out to her that it was incomplete because she had put in only the ruined church wall and the seascape visible through its glassless windows, and had left out the luxuriant dock leaves and nettlebeds sprouting through the church's dislocated pavement (as sordid witnesses of Man's ephemeral occupation of the site). His Mother answered quietly, but without hesitation, that the secret of sketching was to know what to leave out. [Her son's] first thought was that, in leaving out the dock leaves, his Mother had shown something less than an absolute faithfulness to the truth. His second thought was that she had lifted a veil from his eyes and shown him the truth behind it."

TOYNBEE ON SOCIETY: "The present writer used to be told by his Mother that, as a child, he had once announced to her that he had discovered the difference between 'ladies' and 'women.' 'Ladies,' he had explained, 'wear bonnets; women wear shawls'—and it was true that, in England in the 1890s, feminine headgear still displayed the sharp differentiation into two categories that had been characteristic of it since the dawn of Civilization."

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tius's master Epicurus, or in the ideas of the atomic school of Hellenic scientists on whose system Epicurus drew for his own ethical purposes: but I could and did catch from him his admiration for the Roman poet's work and his love for the nobly austere and sensitive personality that shines through an impersonal exposition of a drab theory about the nature of the Universe.

THOR HEYERDAHL, in "Kon-Tiki," revealed to me "the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep," and this revelation taught me the secret of a latter-day Norwegian hero's Viking ancestors' achievements.

THE GENEALOGY of the descendents of Noah's three sons in the tenth chapter of the Book of Genesis gave me my first notion of the differentiation of the Human Race into divers groups and sub-groups, and of the historical problems raised by the question how these groups are related to one another. Coming across the chapter, as I did, in a lesson at school when I was seven years old, I was excited to find myself, as I supposed, being admitted to an inside view of the panorama of the unfolding of human history from the bud.

SIR EDWARD CREASY, in "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," gave me my first notion of Universal History. In the time-dimension the book carries the reader's mind backward as far as 490 B.C. and forward as far as A.D. 1815, while in the space-dimension it carried him outwards, within that span of 2,305 years, from the Basin of the Aegean Sea across Southwestern Asia to the Punjab, across the Black Sea to the Ukraine, and across the Atlantic Ocean to North America. Out of the fifteen battles in Creasy's canon of historical scripture, Arbela, Metaurus, Chalons, and Tours were the most fascinating for me. As I read I saw Alexander, Hannibal, Attila, and 'Abd-ar-Rahman rise in turn above my horizon; but, while my imagination was being stirred by these titanic figures, my mind was being educated by the intervening synopses of events in which the author had skilfully strung his fifteen great occasions along one continuous chronological thread.

THE AUTHORS of four volumes of "The Story of the Nations"—all four of them on my table on this twenty-first day of February 1951, fifty-three years after they first came into my hands—suddenly revealed to me, when I was eight or nine years old, the histories of the Egyptiac, Babylonic, and Syriac civilizations simultaneously, and thereby initiated me into a synoptic view of History which has been illuminating my study of History since then.

FREDERICK HIRTH, in "The Ancient History of China," revealed to me the history of the Sinic Civilization down to a date thirty-five years short of the founding of a Sinic universal state by Ts'in She Hwang-ti. I stumbled on a copy in one of the book shops on the south side of Broad Street, Oxford, while I was an undergraduate.

MICHAEL ROSTOVTZEFF, in his "Iranians and Greeks in South Russia," revealed to me the Nomad Civilization of the Great Eurasian Steppe.

SIR HENRY YULE, in his edition of Marco Polo's book, and Sir Henry Howorth, in his history of the Mongols, revealed to me the heart of the Eurasian Steppe, with an *altar orbis* in Eastern Asia, on the far side of it, which Herodotus leaves still tantalizingly veiled when he lifts one corner of the curtain of ignorance to uncover the waterless ocean's western bay. I shall never forget my sensations when, one evening in June 1908, as the night-train for Aberdeen slid out of King's Cross Station, I opened the first volume of Howorth's pioneer work and saw a vast unknown landscape spread itself before my eyes: Kin and Sung and Tangut; Qara Qitay and Khwarizm; Naiman and Karayit. When the train slid into Edinburgh early I was still busily taking on board a cargo of exciting knowledge that has been a key part of my mental furniture ever since.

W. H. PRESCOTT, in his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," which was read aloud to us at my preparatory school, put the civilizations of the New World on my mental map for me.

THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY at Ampleforth has made me aware of the spiritual impetus of the Western Christian monastic life, and has shown me that the secret of the historical continuity of the Benedictine Order is the wholeheartedness of the faith of Saint Benedict's spiritual sons. Listening to the singing of the Office in the church, and reminding myself that this *opus dei* had been carried on without a break throughout the fourteen hundred years that had passed since the Founder's generation, I came to realize that this Western religious community, which was the matrix of Western Christendom, possessed a greater vitality than any of the secular institutions that had hived off from it. Driven from Westminster on to the Continent by the outbreak of the Reformation, this particular Benedictine community had struck root again at Dieulouard in Lorraine, where, for the next quarter of a millennium, it had been kept alive by a constant supply of English postulants who could follow the monastic calling only at the price of expatriation. Driven from Dieulouard back to England by the outbreak of the French Revolution, the community had struck fresh root in the vale of Ampleforth in Yorkshire. How had it managed to survive these successive uprootings? This question has been answered for me by my experience of the friendships that I have had the happiness of making with some of this community's living members.

MY MOTHER made me aware that there had been a Byzantine, as well as a Carolingian, Empire, and that the

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But, General Hannibal—we're out of peanuts!"

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Normans had conquered Sicily as well as England.

E. A. FREEMAN's "Historical Essays" opened up for me vistas of Western and Hellenic history that led me out into the great open spaces beyond.

GEOFFROI DE VILLEHARDOUIN, as I sat reading his "Conquete de Constantinople" in de Wailly's attractive edition by the fireside in my Uncle Paget Toynbee's library, made me repeat to myself Lewis Carroll's satirical poem "The Walrus and the Carpenter" when I came to the adventurer's unctuous account of the pious tears which the Frenchmen and the Venetians shed together over their cold-blooded bargains at Zara's and Byzantium's expense. I remembered that evening when, on February 21, 1912, I first set eyes on the Villehardouins' castle at Kalamata.

COLONEL G. F. R. HENDERSON's "Stonewall Jackson," which my father gave me to read in the summer holidays one year while I was at school at Winchester, revealed to me both the tragedy and the romance of the American Civil War.

MY MOTHER's account of her conversation with the disgruntled custodian of the deserted royal palace at Hanover, when she visited it during her stay in Germany in A.D. 1885, made me realize, even as a child, that all was not well under the surface in Prussia-Germany.

THOUGH "HISTORICAL NOVELS" are apt to set my teeth on edge by offering me a stone instead of bread, I should be ungrateful indeed if I failed to acknowledge my debt to Herodotus for his tales of Mycerinus and Rhampsinitus and Nitocris, to Leo Tolstoy for his "War and Peace," to Naomi Mitchison for her "The Corn King and the Spring Queen," to L. S. Woolf for his "The Village in the Jungle," to O. E. Rolvaag for his "Giants in the Earth," to Georg Moritz Ebers for his "Uarda," to Victor Hugo for his "Quatre-Vingt Treize" and "Les Miserables," and to Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian for their "Le Blocus."

C. G. JUNG, in his "Psychological Types," opened up for me a new dimension in the realm of Life. The admirable catholicity with which Jung draws upon materials of the most diverse kinds for the illustration of his themes enabled me to find my way into the terra incognita of the Psyche's subconscious abyss by proceeding from the known to the unknown. I was fascinated to watch, under Jung's analysis, the same primordial image coming to light in a familiar myth and in some clinical case in Jung's own professional practice which might have repelled my mind if my interest in the analysis of the myth had not drawn me on to take a consequent interest in the myth's clinical counterpart.

After Jung had thus given me the freedom of the New World of Psychology, I found here the equivalents, in the experience of the Soul, of a number of phenomena that I had already observed for myself in the experience of Society. The polarization of the *libido* (psychic energy) when it strikes an obstacle was the equivalent of the schism in the Body Social (*mirror of the Soul*) after a failure to respond to a challenge. The depression of subordinated functions into the Subconscious was the equivalent of the estrangement of a proletariat from a dominant minority. The explosive discharge of obstructed libido was the equivalent of a *Völkerwanderung* of barbarian war-bands when the limes behind which they have been pent up at last gives way in a collapse that had been symbolized for me in the bursting of the Dam of Ma'rib. A salvation proceeding from the subconscious was the equivalent of a salvation proceeding from the Internal Proletariat. The re-emergence, after a submarine voyage, of splinters of conscious psychic life that have been submerged in the Subconscious was the equivalent of the re-emergence in the myth of Jesus, after a submarine voyage along the underground river of Folk-Memory, of a history of Agis and Cleomenes which had descended into the folklore of an Internal Proletariat. The projection of elements of the Subconscious upon external objects was the equivalent of the radiation of elements of the life of a disintegrating civilization into its external proletariat.

V. TO PEOPLE AND BOOKS FOR TEACHING ME METHODS OF INTELLECTUAL WORK

H. J. HASELFOOT, who initiated me at Wootton Court School, Kent, into the art coping with unseen translations from Ancient Greek authors in preparation for the Winchester College scholarship elections of A.D. 1901 and A.D. 1902, taught me the sovereign intellectual art of deliberately taking time—even when time is short—to let the mind play round a problem and try to grasp it as a whole before plunging into any attempt to solve it in detail.

I remember that my master and I started operations together on a description of a naval battle in Thucydides's "History of the Atheno-Peloponnesian War." My master used this text (I think it must have been Book II, chapter 91) to show me how to arrive at the meaning of the Greek word *uerewpos* by bringing my scanty acquaintance with the Greek vocabulary into relation with the context of the word in this passage. This was a masterly piece of educational work for which I am abidingly grateful.

THE EXPERIENCE of working in HBM Foreign Office in Whitehall during the

(*Continued on page* 52)

The Toynbees (with Henry Z. Walck)—"History . . . is God revealing Himself."

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WHY YOU CAN'T SPELL

a fawma mathimatiks profesor nau riting a buk on speling refawm

By HARVEY KINSEY BOYER

THE reason you can't spell is that we have about as silly a spelling system as the world knows. We have wonderful words for expressing fine shades of ideas. But not even a college graduate can write a 5,000-word paper without consulting a dictionary to know how to write down his native tongue!

You may write in a personal letter, "I'm thru for the day." But if you're writing a business letter you bow to conventionality and write, "I am through." Of course, a child or foreigner might think "through" was pronounced to rhyme with "bough," or that the branch of the tree was pronounced "boo," depending upon which sound of the letters "ough" he had learned. Then, if he lived near a slough, and learned to spell it to rhyme with "through," how puzzled he'd be to read about a sloughing (sluffing) wound (woond).

The truth is that we do ourselves double-dirt. Our spelling isn't phonetic, much less fonetik. Not only do we use more than one symbol to spell a given sound; we also change the value of the symbols. Suppose we performed a comparable atrocity with our spoken language. Suppose when you described grass you said, "Grass is green or purple or orange or indigo." Then suppose you turned around and changed the value of the color symbol "green" and said, "Green is the color of grass and lemons and the field of the American flag." That's how nonsensical our spelling is.

Our terrible spelling costs us hours and hours of memory work by students; hours and hours of correction by teachers and editors and proofreaders; dollars and dollars of money to support these teachers and waste the student time in our schools and the business time in our offices.

Look for a minute at that beautiful, peak-pointed letter A, which begins our A, B, C's. Here are many different ways to designate the long A sound:

Toda (as in aerial, aorta)
Today (as in pay)
Todey (as in they)
Todei (as in veil)
Todea (as in great)
Todai (as in rain)
Todeig (as in feign)
Todeigh (as in neighbor)
Todaye (as in aye, meaning always)
Todeh (as in eh?)
Todée (as in fiancée, matinée)
Todé (as in fiancé)
Todet (as in bouquet)
Toder (as in déjeuner, really French)
Todau (as in gauge)

And we commonly use a final silent "e" to distinguish our long "a" from our short "a," as in rate, not rat; made, not mad; or cape, not cap. "That's logical," you might say. But to spoil this particular logic, we also use a final silent "e" when the vowel preceding the consonant is short. You could take an immediate reform step by dropping this purposeless "e" and writing "give" as "giv," "have" as "hav."

When you try to read Chaucer you realize we have improved the common sense of our spelling, bad though it still is. Shakespeare spelled his own name several ways. Today the telephone directory suggests that you "see also" Hanson, as well as Hansen, but your particular friend probably sticks to one spelling or the other.

Simple and complicated ways of spelling reform are proposed. Some you can read as easily as this:

Meri had a litl lam,
Its flees waz hwait az sno;
And evri hwer that Meri went
The lam waz shoor to go.

Spelling reform is difficult because we have some forty-two different sounds in our American-English language. As I hear it we have twenty-four consonant sounds, fourteen vowel sounds, and four diphthongs. We have a twenty-six letter alphabet to get across these forty-two sounds.

Good sense says that each letter should always have the same sound. "S" should always hiss and never sh! as in "sugar," or buzz as in "his." Good sense says that a certain sound always should be designated by the same letter.

Shall we add new characters? A few phonetists have invented symbols, or introduced ones from other languages, for example the Greek theta for our "th." These shock the eye in a page of Roman type.

A more artistic and conservative method seems to be to agree on two letters—that is, a digraph—to express our excess consonant sounds. We now have "sh" as in sh! which isn't a phonetic combination of "s" and "h," but a completely different sound. A frequent misspelling is writing "shure" for "sure," and today's wrong form is phonetic; today's right form isn't.

We need five other digraphs. But the digraph "ph" we do not need and we always should write "f" instead, as "sulfur" and "fonograf."

However, with only five vowel characters for fourteen vowel sounds, we'll have to use some markings on vowels if each word's pronunciation is to be clear from its spelling.

Learners of phonetic shorthand quickly become conscious of difthongs, which consist of two vowels pronounced in such quick succession that they almost sound like one. In phonetic shorthand two symbols are used for the two vowels of a difthong. The beloved word "I" is really two vowels, the difthong ah-ee, unless one lives down South, where the weather is so hot and humid that "Ah save effort bah usin' one soun' instead of two."

HERE'S another easy way, then, to take care of some of the excess of sounds over alphabet. You can spell the difthongs with two vowels, giving each letter the long sound as used in Romance languages. You spell yourself, I, as "Ai" (as in aisle), with just a quick rolling in it, please.

The other three difthongs with phonetic spelling would be:

au (ah-oo) as in sauerkraut (which would change "out" to "aut");

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

O'Hara off the Cuff

IF EVERYBODY who claims he owned a Stutz Bearcat had actually owned one, the Stutz people would be in business today. . . . Will some well-read reader kindly help me track down the aphorism that goes, approximately: "There is nothing worse than an ignorant man (writer) with a readable style"? . . . The reader—and this applies in all criticism—can get to know fairly soon what kind of person the critic is. After that it's easy: the reader simply approaches the criticisms by saying: "Well, what's this jerk shooting off his mouth about today?" or "I wonder what literary treasure has been uncovered this morning by this brilliant, keen, searching, wise, witty, lovable man?" Anyone in the habit of reading critics knows that a single critic is undependable, unless you know what Critic X likes and doesn't like and how he and his likes and dislikes match up with yours. . . . One way I have learned to hoard hours and days for possibly more useful and certainly more pleasant expenditure is to refrain from reading practically all books about Harry Luce's news magazine, *Time*. . . . One thing I have learned in all these years of appearing in public—appearing in print in public, I mean—and that is, when you write about the Irish, anything or anyone Irish, you had better be careful what you say. Sometimes you almost wish you hadn't said anything, and at other times you wish you had become an apiarist. (For the benefit of certain of my Irish clientele, an apiarist is not a religious fanatic.) An Irish byline, like mine, is all that some fellows need as an excuse to write you letters that apparently are intended to make you sign a confession and hang yourself.

In a triumphant restatement of the obvious I call your attention to the fact that you can love your work and hate it in much the same way, to the same degree, that you can love a woman and still have moments of feeling like belting her one for luck. Mind, now, I am not recommending this disorderly procedure. I'm just calling attention to it.

—From "Sweet and Sour," by John O'Hara (to be published by Random House on Oct. 18).

The youthful Ellen Glasgow, who was to win fame as a Virginia novelist.

How Laws Are Made

YOU see the tractors laboring majestically across the field, cultivating the land. You don't see the earthworms. They are even less conscious of the magnitude of their achievement than the lawyers are of their part in legislation. The Congress in Washington and the legislatures in the state capitals pass laws. The administrative agencies turn out regulations. The courts hand down judicial decisions and opinions. We forget, even the lawyers themselves forget, that it is the lawyers in their offices who make the bulk of our law.

I spent this morning working on a draft of an agreement for the publication of cheap paper-bound books. The signatures of an author and a publisher would turn that agreement into law. This afternoon I watched a client execute a codicil to his will. After he had signed I took the pen. I took it because it was my own. But if it had been his he might well have given it to me as a governor might give me the quill with which he had signed a statute which I had drafted. For this codicil was nonetheless a part of our law. This evening I read the announcement in the afternoon paper of a new bond issue. I recognized one which three of my partners had been working on, drawing the mortgage which secured it and the agreement under which it was to be underwritten and sold. This was law for everyone who bought or sold those bonds.

Where two or three, or more, are gathered together in contract they set up a small momentary sovereignty of their own.

—From "It's Your Law," by Charles B. Curtis (to be published Oct. 22 by Harvard University Press).

National Treasure

CHINA was the ideal country for the old, a pleasant place where one achieved honor merely by growing old. How often had I come upon a village, anywhere in China, to find sitting outside the door on a bench at the edge of the threshing floor a comfortably dressed old man or woman, dozing in the sun, pipe in hand, idle without reproach, loved and cared for and made much of, merely because he or she was old! Old people were treasures and no one was afraid to grow old. When an aged one spoke the others listened, eager for the wisdom of his accumulated years.

It has been a shock to discover how differently the old are treated in my own country, and how pathetically they try to hide the number of their years and pretend themselves still strong and able to do a full day's work. Worse almost than the injustice to homeless children was it to find

—Illustrations from "Shadows in Silver" (to be published Oct. 11 by Scribner).

Virginia-born Nancy Langhorne, who became Lady Astor in England.

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white-haired parents and grandparents in old people's homes and even in mental institutions, often without mental illness beyond the gentle and harmless decay of age. I suppose that the uncertainty of economic life and the insecurity of the individual alone in his struggle to maintain himself, his wife, and children make thoughtful tenderness too rare between young and old in our country. The aging feel their children's dread and they try to care for themselves and are guilty if they cannot, and so the generations pull apart in a mutual fear which stifles natural love.

Somehow our society must make it right and possible for old people not to fear the young or be deserted by them, for the test of a civilization is in the way that it cares for its helpless members. Thus when Hitler began to destroy the old I knew that his regime could not last in a civilized world. It was an anachronism, and the laws of human evolution would provide its end—and how quickly did that end come!

—From "My Several Worlds," by Pearl S. Buck (to be published by John Day on Nov. 8).

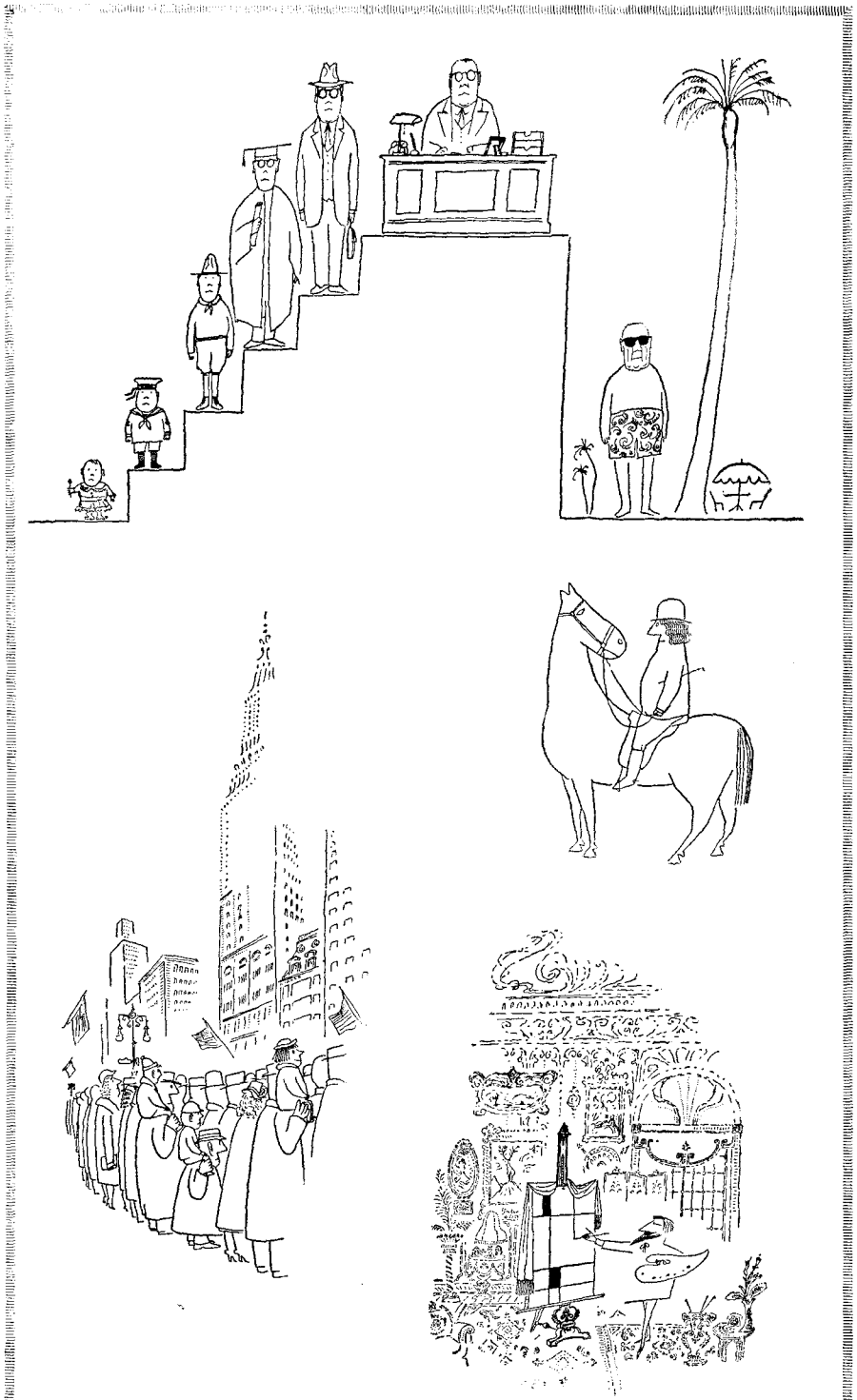
A Question of Taste

A GREAT many people enjoy having taste, but too few of them really enjoy the things they have taste about. Or, to put it another way, they are like a man who takes pleasure in his excellent taste in women but takes no pleasure at all in *a* woman. One of the things that is most the matter with American taste is that those who worry hardest about it are not worrying about enjoying the fruits of their taste; they are just worrying about taste itself. . . .

No one that I know of who talks about taste defines it, and one of the reasons they do not is that they cannot. I do not know what *good* taste is. I do know that taste is not constant and that it is a creature of circumstance. I also know that one measure of a man's taste is what he will put up with. Furthermore, it seems apparent that not only is one generation's good taste very likely to be the next generation's bad taste, but one individual's ideas about what is good taste and bad taste change as he matures, moves to a different place or a different way of living, and acquires new sets of values for judging not only his surroundings but what he wants out of life. It is not easy to pin a definition on anything so fluid or so elusive.

But it does seem to me that taste is made up of three things that are common to everyone. One is education, which includes not only formal but informal education and environment. Another is sensibility, which Webster's defines as "the ability to perceive or receive sensation." And the third is morality—the kinds of beliefs and principles which direct one's behavior and set a pattern for judging the behavior of others. Education, sensibility, and morality—these seem to me to be the components of taste.

—From "The Tastemakers," by Russell Lynes (to be published by Harper on Oct. 6).



—From "The Passport," by Saul Steinberg (to be published Oct. 7 by Harper's).

Women as Professors

OF RECENT years I have been troubled occasionally by the thought that in schools and colleges there has arisen a particularly cruel and unwholesome discrimination against *unmarried* women for some teaching and administrative posts. This is due in part to the attitude towards the unmarried of certain of the less responsible psychologists and psychiatrists of the day, which tends

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to voice disrespect for spinsters in the teaching profession as "inhibited" and "frustrated." After all, many of our sex can never marry; women outnumber the men. There are plenty of other lines of work open to them today, where the spinster status is not unwelcome. But why drive them away from a profession which for generations has been natural and congenial to them? In the past hundreds of thousands of pupils have owed and given them deep gratitude and affection. Children have at home married women for mothers, to provide them with maternal instinct and care. Why should they not profit from a different type of nurture in school? The tendency of today to regard celibate teachers as "frustrated"—except the respected and competent nuns in the Catholic teaching orders—threatens deprivation to many children and hardship to women who, like those of past centuries, could give talents and wholehearted devotion to the teaching profession.

Married or unmarried, women's chances of getting professorships in colleges or universities have deteriorated, I fear, during the last thirty years. Most colleges for women, which during their early decades had a large majority of women on their faculties, have during the past quarter-century made great efforts to secure a considerable proportion of men. As it is far from easy for women to obtain a post of professorial rank in a coeducational institution, this has made the situation rather worse than it used to be. I do not know the solution except to try to persuade the men's colleges and the coeducational ones to realize that it is good for young people to be taught by both sexes. Sometimes I think this can be done if we train up a sufficient number of distinguished women scholars and teachers. But can we, if girls are taught almost entirely by men professors and develop a kind of inferiority complex?

A few days ago (December 1952) I asked a young woman who was a junior with top marks at one of our best universities whether she had any woman professor. "No," she answered, "I haven't. I never thought of a woman professor. I don't believe I should like to study under one."

—From "Many a Good Crusade," the memoirs of Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, former dean of Barnard College (to be published by Macmillan on Nov. 19).

Bird Gag

"RUNNING GAGS" were very important in radio. A running gag is a comedy bit of business carried over from program to program that will stimulate the listener's interest to the point where he will want to tune in every week to follow the development of the gag.

They are difficult to develop. We stumbled on one that showed promise. We interviewed a retired fireman who owned a talking mynah bird. The mynah bird looks like a small patent-leather crow. Most of the talking birds repeat words they have been taught. The parrot will say "Polly wants a cracker" only if you start the conversation. The mynah can answer questions. The man we planned to interview would say, "What does Mae West say?" and the bird would answer, "Come up and see me sometime. Come up and see me sometime." The first time the mynah bird appeared it talked all afternoon at rehearsal. It talked all night backstage. But when we were on the air and the bird was brought to the microphone it was mute. The owner pleaded with the mynah. He threatened it. Nothing audible happened. The audience started laughing. The owner was embarrassed. Finally, I invited him to bring the bird back on the program the next week and we would try again.

The following week the bird talked all day and night around the studio. When it was brought to the microphone the owner addressed the mynah with his usual opening line, "What does Mae West say?" The bird not only said nothing—it looked at the owner as though he owed three years' dues to the Audubon Society. Again the bird was speechless. Again there were threats, cajoling to no avail. Again I invited the owner back.

For five or six weeks the bird was brought back to the program. It still refused to talk. We were receiving hundreds of letters telling us how to get the bird to talk—"Put out the lights in the studio," "Soak its birdseed in hot milk," and so forth. We were getting newspaper publicity from coast to coast. Some Congressman down in Washington had advised another Congressman to listen to our bird and learn to shut up.

Just as we had a running gag that had caught the country's fancy, one of the advertising agency executives sent word that the mynah bird would have to be taken off the program. There was a rumor, he intimated, that we had concealed the original bird and were using a feathered decoy to make sure there would be no bird talk. We argued and argued and got no place. Trying to move the agency man was like an armless man trying to move his rook in a chess game.

For the final appearance of the mynah bird we allowed thirty minutes to permit the owner to shout his "What does Mae West say?" to his heart's content. After about twenty minutes of this solo the mynah bird gave up and answered, "Come up and see me sometime. Come up and see me sometime." Our running gag had run its course. The advertising man was wrong about the feathered decoy, but I learned early in radio never to argue with an executive. I always say, "The only thing you can tell an advertising man is that he is fortunate that he isn't in some other business."

—From "Treadmill to Oblivion," by Fred Allen (to be published Nov. 4 by Little, Brown).

Nocturne

By Elizabeth Bartlett

I HAVE stilled my heart with silent words
To listen to the violins
And sit and nod and dream of birds
Flown far beyond their origins

The coward years have curbed my tongue
That once spoke music of its own
For rash it is to quote the young
With voice grown harsh in feeble tone

In the quicksands of my mind I hear
The brave loud cries—like sunken stones
They croak bass to the fiddling year
While an old man clings to tired bones

Half listen, half hear the cheating viols
Sing the closing in of wings on strings
As though a meeting were of souls
To end all winters and all springs

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SR's Critics Poll for Fall

The Nation's Reviewers Vote

THIS fall will be a good season for Americans to curl up with a book and take a long look at their pasts. At least that's the word from the twenty-six literary editors of leading newspapers in all sections of the country who studied the publishers' new offerings and then responded to our invitation to name ten books they believe deserve the attention of discriminating readers. Thirty-one histories and biographies, most of them about American subjects, were recommended out of a total of eighty-six books in the "general" or non-fiction field. Of these, five "generals" were nominated by five or more editors.

It's another comparatively weak season for fiction, however. Only forty-seven titles were named in this category, although five of these received five or more nominations. The nature of these novels and volumes of short stories is so varied they have foiled our usually infinite capacity for making sweeping generalizations.

The eleven books most frequently recommended were:

"A Fable," by William Faulkner, eight votes.
"The Ramanaya," as retold by Aubrey Menen, eight votes.
"Beyond the Hundredth Meridian," by Wallace Stegner, seven votes.
"A Study of History," by A. J. Toynbee, seven votes.
"They Called Him Stonewall," by Burke Davis, seven votes.
"Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years and the War Years," by Carl Sandburg, five votes.
"The Buffalo Hunters," by Mari Sandoz, five votes.
"Call to Greatness," by Adlai E. Stevenson, five votes.
"The Go-Between," by L. P. Hartley, five votes.
"Most Likely to Succeed," by John Dos Passos, five votes.
"No Time for Sergeants," by Mac Hyman, five votes.

In the hope that you will find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your autumn reading, we publish the complete list below. The editor is grateful to Miss Marianne Gutman for assistance in compiling the returns. The descriptions after the titles are the work of John Haverstick and Whitney Balliett. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

SEVEN VOTES

BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN. *By Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $6.
The story of John Wesley Powell, who adventurously conquered the waters of the Grand Canyon and then scientifically studied and directed the development of the American West. (Bond, Cross, Herzberg, Hormel, O'Neill, Rothermel, Tinkle.)

A STUDY OF HISTORY. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. Vols. VII-X.* $35.
The four latest volumes of Dr. Toynbee's monumental series. The subjects of the sections which make up these newest volumes are: Universal States, Universal Churches, Heroic Ages, Contacts Between Civilizations in Space—In Time, Law and Freedom in History, The Prospects of the Western Civilization, and The Inspiration of Historians. (Cross, Dolbier, Herzberg, Shockley, Smith, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

THEY CALLED HIM STONEWALL. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart & Co.* $5.
A biography of General Stonewall Jackson, the nut-hard, sharp-thinking soldier, killed by one of his own men at Chancellorsville, who has been an inspiration to everyone, at one time or another, from Confederate boys to Papa Hemingway. (Bond, Bradley, Cady, Flowers, Hass, Shockley, Smith.)

FIVE VOTES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *The Prairie Years and the War Years. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $7.50.
Six separate volumes of two bulky biographies of Lincoln have now been condensed by the author into one mammoth—and successful—union. (Babcock, Bradley, Flowers, John K. Sherman, Wyllie.)

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. *By Mari Sandoz. Hastings House.* $4.50.
A panorama, by the author of "Cheyenne Autumn," of the thundering days of hunting and hiding between 1867 and 1883 when the great buffalo herds in the West dwindled from a veritable ocean to a few hundreds. (Hass, Kogan, O'Neill, John K. Sherman, Snajdr.)

CALL TO GREATNESS. *By Adlai E. Stevenson. Harper & Bros.* $2.25.
In book form the three Godkin Lectures the 1952 Democratic Presidential nominee delivered at Harvard last March. (Dolbier, Rothermel, Shockley, Thomas B. Sherman, Wyllie.)

FOUR VOTES

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. *By Trygve Lie. The Macmillan Co.* $6.
A fully documented record, by the genial, earnest Mr. Lie, of his seven years as the United Nation's first Secretary General, in which he tells of the innumerable imbroglios he was partner to during those setting-up years, how the Secretariat works, how the personnel was chosen, and what, to his mind, will be the most sensible program for the U.N. to follow if it is to survive for at least the next twenty years. (Bond, Dolbier, Hormel, Rothermel.)

JESUS AND HIS TIMES. *By Daniel-Rops. Translated by Rudy Millar. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $5.
A biography of Jesus and of His times, by the eminent French Catholic theologian. For this American edition of the book the King James version of the Bible is substituted, where necessary in the text, for the author's original Douay translation. (Cady, Emmart, Hass, John K. Sherman.)

MELBOURNE. *By Lord David Cecil. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $5.
New material has been added to the widely read biography of fifteen years ago, "The Young Melbourne." The work now carries Melbourne into his mature years, his career as a reform Prime Minister (who did not believe in reform), and his Indian summer friendship with the young Queen Victoria. (Babcock, Cross, Herzberg, Yeiser.)

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR. *By Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
The *grande finale* of the great Irish dramatist's story of his own life, rounded out with some tributes to his native land, some glimpses of the George Bernard Shaws, and some reflections on old age. (Cross, Hormel, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

THREE VOTES

THE AGE OF MOUNTAINEERING. *By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $6.
The author of "The White Tower" writes a history of the techniques and achievements in mountain climbing, going as far back as Saussure in 1786, the first climber to conquer Mt. Blanc. (Bond, Bradley, Douglas.)

THE JACKSONIANS. *By Leonard D. White. The Macmillan Co.* $8.
The third and final volume of Mr. White's study of the executive branch of the Government and its growth from the time of Jefferson's incumbency to the end of Buchanan's tenure. (Herzberg, O'Neill, Snajdr.)

THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS McGINLEY. *Viking Press.* $3.
The latest work of one of the brightest practitioners of the art of light verse. (Bradley, Herzberg, Jackson.)

MY SEVERAL WORLDS. *By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Co.* $5.
Miss Buck has produced a complete record of her personal life, feelings, likes, and dislikes pertaining especially to her knowledge of China and ending up with her efforts during the last twenty years to put down her roots back here in America. (Babcock, Hormel, Jackson.)

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. *By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A review of the strenuous life and times of Teddy Roosevelt, with special attention given to his life with Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children at the pleasant retreat in Oyster Bay, Long Island, which was recently made a national shrine. (Cady, O'Neill, Shockley.)

THE WOMAN WITHIN. *By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $5.
A posthumously published companion piece to her "A Certain Measure"; a little less of her literary life and a little more of her personal one. (Cross, Dolbier, Wyllie.)

TWO VOTES

THE ART OF EATING. *By M. F. K. Fisher. World Publishing Co.* $6.
The collected works, from "Serve It Forth" (1937) to "An Alphabet for Gourmets" (1949), of one of the leading gastronomic experts of this fat age. (Jackson, Yeiser.)

ATOMS IN THE FAMILY. *By Laura Fermi. The University of Chicago Press.* $4.
A look at the atom bomb from the vantage point of the kitchen stove—a somewhat soothing interpretation of it and her husband's part

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The Saturday Review

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The Point About Schweitzer

SOME travelers returning from brief visits to Dr. Schweitzer's hospital in French Equatorial Africa appear to be disillusioned. It seems that the good doctor hasn't been making use of all the modern medical facilities put at his disposal by friends in America and Europe. Also, it was observed that the mattresses in the hospital sickroom were without sheets. There are other complaints, all of them having to do with the fact that the hospital at Lambarene isn't the most crisply scientific place in the world. Disenchantment has led these visitors to some open scoffing about the general capabilities of the humanitarian-physician-theologian-philosopher and about his right to world renown.

We haven't seen the mattresses at Dr. Schweitzer's African hospital, but even if every last one of them was split down the middle, with the beds teetering on three legs, we would still believe that Albert Schweitzer is one of the two or three greatest men to walk this earth in the past fifty years and that it is a privilege to be his contemporary. Nothing could be more absurd than to suggest that Dr. Schweitzer's reputation needs revision because his record in sanitation, such as there is of it, may be less than inspiring. When stuff such as this is used to diminish a truly towering figure the most charitable answer that can be given the belittlers is to say they have missed the point.

The point about Schweitzer is not whether he brought a gleaming modern hospital to Lambarene. The point about Schweitzer is that he brought the kind of spirit to Africa that the dark man hardly knew existed in the white man. Before Schweitzer white skin meant beatings and gunpoint rule and the imposition of slavery on human flesh. If Schweitzer had done nothing else in his life than to accept the pain of these people as his own, he would have achieved eminence. And his place in history will rest on something more substantial than an argument over an unswept floor in a hospital ward in the heart of Africa. It will rest on the spotless nature of his vision and the clean sweep of his nobility.

The greatness of Schweitzer—indeed the essence of Schweitzer—is the man as symbol. It is not so much what he has done for others, but what others have done because of him and the power of his example. This is the measure of the man. What has come out of his life and thought is the kind of inspiration that can animate a generation. He has supplied a working demonstration of reverence for life. He represents enduring proof that we need not torment ourselves about the nature of human purpose. The scholar, he once wrote, must not live for science alone, nor the businessman for his business, nor the artist for his art. If affirmation for life is genuine, it will "demand from all that they should sacrifice a portion of their own lives for others."

Thus, Schweitzer's main achievement is a simple one. He has been willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for a moral principle. Like Gandhi, the power of his appeal has been in renunciation. And because he has been able to feel a supreme identification with other human beings he has exerted a greater force than millions of armed men on the march. It is unimportant whether we call Schweitzer a great religious figure or a great moral figure or a great philosopher. It suffices that his words and works are known and that he is loved and has influence because he enables men to discover mercy in themselves. Early in his life he was accused of being an escapist. He was criticized for seeming to patronize the people he had chosen to serve. Yet the proof of his genuineness and his integrity is to be found in the response he awakens in people. He has reached countless millions who have never seen him but who have been able to identify themselves with him because of the invisible and

Emergence

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

QUIETLY to its course the blood returns,
Leaving us not, as other times, forspent,
But closer in a singleness that learns
The way of ultimate replenishment.
There was between us once a sense of loss
And self-denial, pride which set a line
Of demarcation we refused to cross,
Because of what was Yours and what was Mine.

Having abandoned all these petty rights,
Out of the struggle to evade or hold,
We recognize a reason that unites
By stronger ties than any we controlled
A past long suffered through, a future, known,
Not yours or mine, but lastingly our own.

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splendid fact of his own identification with them.

"I must forgive the lies directed against myself," he wrote, "because my own life has been so many times blotted by lies . . . I am obliged to exercise unlimited forgiveness because, if I did not, I should be untrue to myself, in that I should thus act as if I were not guilty in the same way as the other has been guilty with regard to me."

WE LIVE at a time when people seem afraid to be themselves, when they seem to prefer a hard, shiny exterior to the genuineness of deeply-felt emotion. Sophistication is prized and sentiment is dreaded. It is made to appear that one of the worst blights on a reputation is to be called a do-gooder. The literature of the day is remarkably devoid of themes on the natural goodness or even the potential goodness of man, seeing no dramatic power in the most powerful fact of the human mixture. The values of the time lean to a phony toughness, casual violence, cheap emotion; yet we are shocked when youngsters confess to having tortured and killed because they enjoyed it and because they thought it was the thing to do.

It matters not to Schweitzer or to history that he will be dismissed by some as a do-gooder or as a sentimental fool who fritters his life away on Africans who can't read or write. "Anyone who proposes to do good," he wrote, "must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly if they even roll a few more upon it." For the tragedy of life is not in the hurt to a man's name or even in the fact of death itself. The tragedy of life is in what dies inside a man while he lives—the death of genuine feeling, the death of inspired response, the death of the awareness that makes it possible to feel the pain or the glory of other men in oneself. Schweitzer's aim is not to dazzle an age but to awaken it, to make it comprehend that moral splendor is part of the gift of life, and that each man has unlimited strength to feel human oneness and to act upon it. He has proved that although a man may have no jurisdiction over the fact of his existence, he can hold supreme command over the meaning of existence for him. Thus, no man need fear death; he need fear only that he may die without having known his greatest power—the power of his free will to give his life for others.

If there is a need in America today, it is for a Schweitzer among us. We are swollen with meaningless satisfactions and dulled by petty immediacies—but the threat to this nation and its freedoms and to human life in general has never been greater. To the extent that part of this threat is recognized, it is assumed it can be adequately met by a posture of military and material strength. But the crisis is basically moral and demands moral strength.

We can't save the nation by acting as though only the nation is in jeopardy, or by acting as though the highest value is the nation. The highest value is the human being and the human potential. In order to safeguard this human potential we have to do more than to surround ourselves with high explosives. We have to make the supreme identification with other people, including those who are different from us or who have less than we. If sacrifice is required, we shall have to sacrifice. If we are to lead, what we say and what we do must become more important in our own minds than what we sell or what we use. At a time when men possess the means for demolishing a planet the only business that makes sense is the business of inspired purpose.

—N. C.

Elegy in a Railroad Station

(*Obit for Broad Street, Philadelphia*)

By Christopher Morley

I'VE always been in love with railroad stations:
By no means least of man's superb creations.
Particularly I rate high
Old London termini,
Liverpool Street (cathedral of catarrh)
Where antique bathtubs in the cellar are;
And you may know
Altars of the great gods To and Fro
At Paddington, Euston, King's Cross, Gare du Nord,
La Salle Street in Chicago, Windsor Montreal,
The Lackawanna on Hoboken shore,
The B & O beloved Mount Royal, Baltimore.
Even little Roslyn, on fish-shaped Paumanok,
Where the Long Island falters, still in hock—
Too many I love, to list, but of them all
None ever gave me quite such sublimation
As Broad Street Station.
Maybe tops of all I rank it
Because it was there, by jeepers,
Walt climbed aboard the Pullman Palace Sleepers
And tucked his noble beard outside the blanket.

I repeat your glory, Broad Street Station!
The proper shrine, the true Main Line,
Of Immortality the Intimation;
Such offsteam blowing,
Such bells, and hells of coming and going,
Suburban cowcatchers' dainty snouts,
Beautiful barytone *All abooaard* shouts,
Drive wheels, and firebox glowing.
Nothing was so holy as the Local to Paoli
(15 and 45) when we were youngalive
For Wynnewood, Ardmore, Haverford, Bryn Mawr
Or anywhere along the P.R.R.
Then, as child, boy, student, family man,
We were too self-occupied to scan
That gigantic arch of joys and pains
When trains were really trains.

There beneath tall wheels, fierce jets of steam,
We guessed the bulk and power of a dream!
To shorten space and anguish to appease
The engine rests at crouch and purrs at ease,
People cry God bless you's and So long's,
Gates contract or widen like lazy-tongs—
Goodbye, Goodbye! No wonder I
Preserve in pure imagination
My memory of Broad Street Station.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POPE LEO XIII

I AM SURE that it is only a printer's error on page 11 in the article "American Labor and the Book," by Mark Starr [*SR* Sept. 4], where Starr ascribes the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* to Pope Leo XII instead of XIII. There was quite a difference in time between these two holy men.

HERMAN D. BLOCH.

Bridgeport, Conn.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF DEMOCRACY

N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "New Facts and Empty Assumptions" [*SR* Sept. 4], is the plainest and most searching analysis of our mistakes and our responsibilities that we have read. It accords with our traditions and basic principles of conduct. We feel that his suggestions must again become policy in our relations with other nations. As he points out, armed services alone are not sufficient, however necessary. Our greater power lies in insistence that other nations shall have the same rights we possess and assert.

MERLE D. AND HELEN R. VINCENT.

Santa Rosa, Calif.

EMINENTLY FAIR

THANK YOU for getting together such a good ACCENT ON EDUCATION issue [*SR* Sept. 11], and thank you for your eminently fair statement about education in your "The Great Debate in American Education." Recent articles in national magazines make one especially glad to see an issue such as yours.

KEN WINETROUT.

Springfield, Mass.

THE MODERN EXPERIENCE METHOD

BEING A FORMER SCHOOLTEACHER, descended from a long line of schoolteachers, I read *SR*'s ACCENT ON EDUCATION Issue with great enjoyment. I was particularly interested in the description of the "Modern Experience Method" of teaching reading.

At the turn of the century my mother was teaching in a one-room rural school in Illinois when the first telephone line was put through the community. Needless to say, it was an "experience" in the lives of those isolated country people impossible to imagine in this age of daily miracles.

My mother anticipated the "Modern Experience Method" by more than fifty years. She taught her students (even those who did not yet know their alphabet!) to read, write, and spell such words as telephone, receiver, transmitter, ring, line, number, etc. I believe she also anticipated another modern practice in education; "integration" of subjects, to say nothing of a "completely individualized reading program" in which no two students read from the same reader, much less the same lesson. I hope my daughter, Effie Cooper, who plans to teach in 1960, will be as modern and well integrated as her grandmother Effie Anderson was in 1900!

MRS. T. STANLEY COOPER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Oh, that's Dumbrowswicz again—tremendous drive, no sense of direction."

DETECTION AND RETRIBUTION

IN CONNECTION with your education issue it may be appropriate to suggest that psychologists and psychiatrists ask themselves *why* we have so much juvenile delinquency in America compared to Canada and Great Britain, where juvenile delinquency has decreased 14 per cent while ours has increased 30 per cent. I submit this as an answer.

Our Government in Washington has no power to act in murder and, as for the States, they have neither, the cash-on-hand nor the personnel nor the equipment to handle anything but bag-snatching. From the earliest days in the West Canada opened up her new lands without murder because the Dominion Government at Ottawa was immediately interested in every dead man from Halifax, N. S., to Prince Albert, B. C., and from Winnipeg to the North Pole. Interested also is the Governor General representing the Queen and the lonely NWM Policeman watering his pony on the Upper Yukon and every agency from a British battleship to a canoe on Slave Lake—all part and parcel of a nationwide commitment for inculcating the Canadian people with the idea that murder was and now is to be considered Bad Form!

But what of the murders and brutalities in early Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and California? Who cared anything about that? Not Congress in Washington. So any enterprising gunman could kill an honest citizen in Arizona and be in Missouri with the man's roll by daylight, safe as any other American from reprimand. The same goes for the boys today. The States can't handle juvenile delinquency, but the FBI could. The FBI stopped kidnapping in a hurry when we thought that we had a brave new racket on our hands to fill the front pages for the rest of the century. The FBI said "Tut tut!" and kidnapping stopped *pronto*.

But your writers on juvenile delinquency blame whom? Why the schools, the churches, and the homes. That's all. I have taught in the schools for thirty years and I have never seen the day when the schools weren't doing everything permissible to save the boys from the jails. I have been a member of the Episcopal Church for most of a lifetime without seeing anything that the Church could do about crime except to tell the Congress to tell the FBI to stop it. And as for homes, do they not have homes in Canada, Scotland, Tasmania?

It is not cruel and long-drawn-out punishment that stops crime. We don't need to waste words on that. Then, what *is* it? It is the certainty of detection and the assurance of retribution. The FBI could provide both.

SYDNEY HILLYARD.

Los Gatos, Calif.

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THE WORLD

Grim Race for Survival

"Power and Policy: U. S. Foreign Policy and Military Power in the Hydrogen Age," by Thomas K. Finletter *(Harcourt, Brace. 403 pp. $5), presents the grim warnings and urgent prescriptions of the U. S. Secretary of Air during the Truman Administration. Below it is reviewed by Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, military critic of the* Detroit News, *author of "The River and the Gauntlet" and other books.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

IN CONTRAST to other sages who write bright essays about either the foreign policy or military problem of the United States, the dour-faced man who served both as an Air Secretary and diplomat under Harry S. Truman does not take refuge in witty and airy generalizations. Thomas K. Finletter's propositions have sock. They are put with a bluntness which, in making his meaning clear as a pikestaff, mark him as a writer born and a scholar unafraid that history will prove him wrong.

How unusual and how refreshing!

And, unlike the earlier major prophets of the air age, Thomas K. Finletter was born for his time and thus spared the vice of extravagant claiming. Consider Douhet, Mitchell, and De Seversky. Today men credit them with seeing the shape of things to come. It is generally forgotten that they did not envisage the atomic age, without which air power would still have a modest face, however immodest the shrill claims of its advocates.

Nuclear fission, winged or wingless, made the decisive difference. It would have changed the world and its wars even if carried in ox carts. After Hiroshima was shattered there was no longer good reason for either the novice or the military seer to doubt that Mars had a new master and the clash of field armies would not again be the main event in conflict between great powers: it is so much quicker and deadlier to send the package airmail. Thereafter the exploding of rival H-bombs became an exercise in anti-climax. Not until the horizon was blasted would the more obtuse soldiers and politicians see a tactical truth hanging like Dave Crockett's louse from their own eyebrows.

—*Scott Long, in* The Minneapolis Tribune.

"The Crux of It."

SO THERE is no call to credit Mr. Finletter with magic powers as a diviner. The case had been proved clear from White Sands to Cape Chaplin, where a Russian cataclysm wiped out a walrus colony. It remained only for someone to assemble the evidence and organize it in understandable terms so that modern man may take the measure of his days. There is point in his knowing whether sufficient time and wisdom remain to achieve the political control to restrain the terrible power come of his cleverness.

That is the task Mr. Finletter undertook. In "Power and Policy: U.S. Foreign Policy in the Hydrogen Age" he has not written a panegyric on air power. Rather, it is a study of American foreign policy against the background of an existing and rapidly shifting power (or weapons) equation which threatens World War III and an end to civilization. It was written while the author still had hopes that France would quit the pivot and by ratifying the European Defense Community partly offset the dismal result in Indo-China. That matters worked out otherwise but makes his forebodings more worthy of mark.

First, as to whether these hands are competent, it is my belief that Mr. Finletter has encompassed the problem and succeeded in stating it more fully and persuasively than any soldier or statesman of his time. It is a

THE AUTHOR: After executing a decade's worth of Government assignments Thomas K. Finletter, a serious, outspoken, versatile citizen who was asked by Washington to be, among other things, prophetic, is back at his old desk, practising international law. The international scene outside his Manhattan window these days is far different from what it was when he first became a Government employe back in 1941. It was then that Finletter, a member of a prominent Philadelphia legal family, left for Washington at Cordell Hull's bidding to serve as special assistant to the Secretary of State. Except for a break of a few years he was with the Government through 1953, working his way through a whole alphabet of departments—among others, the OFEC (Office of Foreign Economic Coordination), President Truman's APC (Air Policy Commission), and the ECA (Economic Cooperation Administration).

By 1950 he had been elevated to the post of Air Secretary, which he held until last year. Part of his grounding for that assignment was acquired as chairman of the five-man APC, which had the grim job of diagnosing the future. The APC's report—it was starkly entitled "Survival in the Air Age" and was issued in 1948—stressed the need for developing the Air Force's potential by 1953; the U.S., after that date, could no longer regard itself safe from A-bomb attack, it held. Finletter was born sixty years before the year circled in red in the APC document. He graduated with an LL. B. from Pennsylvania in 1920, the same year he married Walter Damrosch's daughter, Gretchen. He spent part of the next two decades writing on law, but he never got irretrievably lost among citations. Foreign affairs and politics also held his interest. Now back in legal harness, Finletter is a very busy fellow. The other morning his secretary received a call from someone who wanted to drop in for a chat with Mr. F. "Chat with him!" she exclaimed after hanging up. "I'd like to get a chance to chat with him myself." —BERNARD KALB.

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majestic book, a simply superb piece of analysis, made but the more alarming because its tone is cold as a glacier. Toward the occurring failures of the Administration in its dealings abroad he takes this same objective and hence nonpartisanly dignified approach. There is enough ranting in the press against Secretary Dulles, either for talking out of turn, or for some other reason, falling short as a modern Atlas. As Mr. Finletter sees it, those who take this short view are mistaking effects for causes, if not growing ulcers out of marginal worries.

Power—there is the heart of the matter in the atomic age. Either you have enough in the arsenal to be sure of the knockout blow or, failing that, you vote death to foreign policy. Men have agreed on this since the time of the Greek city-states, the main difference now being that death can arrive so suddenly.

PROPORTION and perspective are achieved in the Finletter presentation through the unique device of dividing the atomic era into three definite periods. First, the one of American monopoly and supremacy. Next, that of Russia becoming ascendant in strategic air strength with sufficient A- and H-bombs to kill the United States. Last is the period when the man-guided air fleets are obsoleted by ocean-crossing guided missiles fitted with fissionable warheads.

Monopoly was assuring while it lasted. Our chance for parity is fading with every round of the clock because we are still thinking and arming on a Phase-One scale, though the Russian power to deliver a killing attack will exceed our own by 1956. Should we continue to mark time instead of preparing, and by some miracle survive the parlous years when we are at the mercy of a superior Russian air fleet, guided missile warfare will become full grown sometime in the 1960s. In that line of development, both as to stockpiling and research, Russia had already gone far past us.

This, briefly, is the central theme, though in stressing it because of its limitless urgency any reviewer must perforce slight the detailed analysis of our foreign problems which gives the book its remarkable substance. But in the final sense that omission becomes self-justifying through Mr. Finletter's assertion that, however worthy the hope which we stake in our system of alliances with other free nations, our world position and prestige are doomed to collapse left unsupported by an adequate fighting power.

Here, again, he is specific. The shadow is nearing and we will soon be in eclipse. For survival the United States must immediately start expanding toward a power base equal to the task of smashing Russia even should the Communist powers begin war with a full-armed blow against us. It can do so only by radically increasing the count of bombers in SAC.

Armed with anything less than that, in the judgment of the man who has made a more scholarly review of the problem than any living American, the United States has little chance either to forestall World War III or forestall the ruin of its hopes for an improved world order based upon collective security.

How far short do we fall? Mr. Finletter steers clear on the tricky business of expressing it in numbers of planes, air wings, or H-bombs. He says that when the Administration moves to spend an additional $12,000,000,000 annually on its air requirequirements there will be reason for confidence that it takes a true reading on the world situation.

This being an election year, the alternative is an agitated wait.

Still, that workout for the nerves could be not without profit, provided that the interval be not too long and that it terminates by an increasing number of Americans and their servants in Government swinging around to Mr. Finletter's ideas. For his book I would wish—vainly, I know—50,000,000 readers. It is like an unexpected and full exposure of the bravest and most chilling thoughts from the best minds along the two sides of the Potomac. Many of its passages, if found in a bureaucratic in-basket, would call for it to be stamped "Top Secret." With appropriateness it might have been titled "So Little Time" or, for that matter, "Strategy," for it is both an instruction in the art and a warning of judgment day.

I am a dirt soldier. For most of a lifetime I have been passionately concerned that the elements of military power be seen in proportion, and I have had no patience with those windy voices which were ready almost from the day of Kitty Hawk to say that we should cast down institutions which are the safeguards of survival. But there are new things under the sun. Those who put them so clearly that failure to understand must be charged to fear or ignorance are great minds of the day. Count Mr. Finletter among them.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents ten fragmentary comments (with names of commentators attached) which were made concerning ten important authors. Can you identify them? Allowing ten points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is fine, seventy is finer, and eighty or better is superb. Answers on page 59.

1. "All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song like the nightingale from the brushwood and continues singing as sweetly." (Lord Roseberry)
2. "A great connoisseur of life and a very careless student of literature . . . ill bred, ill lettered and in some ways, perhaps, ill balanced." (Tucker Brooke)
3. "A beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." (Matthew Arnold)
4. "———, though he felt himself the equal of Satan, never quite ventured to put himself in the place of God." (Bertrand Russell)
5. "He saw with a strange combination of cool vision and hot rage what foolish creatures we are, and he lashed us unmercifully." (John Macy)
6. "Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge." (James Russell Lowell)
7. "The most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun, and the best remark in the course of the evening." (William Hazlitt)
8. "——— loves nothing so much as being hated, if the hatred is sincere; he loves nothing so much as being criticized if the criticism is honest." (Dr. Henry Frank)
9. "An old struggler, struggling against scrofula, against semi-blindness, against poverty, against neglect." (Augustine Birrell)
10. "Perhaps my strongest impression of him was that of sorrow. . . . Whenever I touched his face his expression was sad, even when he was telling a funny story." (Helen Keller)

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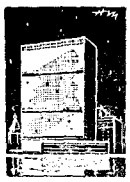
Secretary-General on the Road



"In the Cause of Peace," by Trygve Lie *(Macmillan. 473 pp. $6), is a personal report by the first Secretary General of the United Nations of the first seven years of that organization's work. Lindsay Rogers, who reviews it here, is professor of public law at Columbia University, and from 1942 to 1947 was assistant director of the International Labor Office.*

By Lindsay Rogers

IN "In the Cause of Peace," the first Secretary General of the United Nations, Trygve Lie, has written an interesting and readable book and has managed to escape some of the traps that often entice authors whose memoirs deal with recent events in which they have participated. The travelogue which chronicles Mr. Lie's journeys to many countries is more than a mere description of the great and near-great in what Lord Hervey slightingly called the "theatrical pageantry of their public characters"; the conversations reported as having taken place in many capitals and at the United Nations are revealing and not always flattering to Mr. Lie's opposite numbers.

Again, there is no shying away from the major issues that the United Nations has faced—Palestine, Korea, and Kashmir remain unresolved—and there is frankness about the fumbling and inconsistent policies the Western Powers had, not only in respect of issues but toward the organization itself. Thirdly, Mr. Lie is a modest man, and while he makes no secret of the opinions he held on various matters and which he expressed to delegates from governments—or in letters to friends in Norway—there is no vainglorious boasting of how right his position always was and how considerable the contribution he made to keep the cold war from becoming a hot one.

For the general reader, as I have said, Mr. Lie's book will have interest; for those who write about the first seven years of the United Nations and the international happenings that did not have their focus there the volume will be "history as record," since it sheds additional light (but little heat) on some transactions about which governments are still reticent. There are full details on the manner of Trygve Lie's appointment and the extension of his term, when President Truman authorized Ambassador Austin to veto the designation of anyone else for the place. The rest of the American delegation to Lake Success and Secretary Acheson did not know in advance of this hasty, ill-considered action. American and British policy in respect to Palestine had many tergiversations and the State Department once changed its mind without notifying the delegation in New York. Mr. Lie proposed to Mr. Austin that they both resign.

In the opinion of the Secretary General the representatives of Communist China should have been brought to the United Nations. Indeed, in January 1950 Ambassador Gross declared that, while his Government regarded the credentials of Dr. Tsiang (the Nationalist delegate) as valid, it would "accept the decision of the Security Council on this matter when made by an affirmative vote of seven members." Under Congressional pressure the American attitude changed. Mr. Acheson later spoke of asking the International Court whether the veto could be used to reject the credentials of any representative of the Communist Government. Mr. Lie hazards the opinion that if the representatives of the Peking Government had been at Lake Success it would not have dared send its armies as "volunteers" into North Korea. Perhaps it would not have agreed to the aggression by North Korea. Historians will long debate these matters and ask two questions. While the State Department could not openly favor the seating of the Communist representative should it not have encouraged instead of opposed the creation of the majority of seven in the Security Council? Did the Kremlin, for all its fine words, really desire the Peking Government to have contacts with the West and thus become less susceptible to Soviet control?

SEVERAL times Mr. Lie laments the neglect of Article 28 of the Charter. This provides that the "Security Council shall hold periodic meetings at which each of its members may . . . be represented by a member of the Government." The Secretary General thought that if the foreign ministers met Geneva would be the most suitable place. There they could "exchange views and opinions outside the immediate searchlight of the press, which would always be disturbing them more in New York." He might have added that the physical arrange-

"Good heavens—the price of tea is going up again!"

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ments in New York treat the members of the Security Council as if they were to appear on "Information Please"—as if the primary objective was attitudinizing for an audience and television cameras instead of transacting business. Article 28, therefore, is likely to remain a dead letter, since it is probably too late to make public meetings the exception rather than the rule. Mr. Lie fails to explain why, when the United Nations began, there was blithe indifference to the dangers latent in the rule. Indeed, the Australian delegate, who was a member of the first Security Council, had instructions not to attend a private meeting. He should have been told to stay away until his Labor Party Government adopted the practice of holding its Cabinet meetings in a goldfish bowl. The decision of the Security Council to meet in that fashion would have been a formidable obstacle to its success even if this had been desired by the Soviet Union.

Every organization of states faces a dilemma that was pithily stated during the interwar period by the English historian Sir Lewis Namier, and that I have never seen satisfactorily dealt with: interested states cannot be impartial; states which are impartial are not interested.

THIS is particularly so when the task is to repel aggression. Korea demonstrated that states will not make substantial contributions to "collective security" unless they feel their own interests are at stake; many states will not even make token contributions. And Indo-China showed that a democratic state cannot resort to force unless there is an intense national sentiment to support it. The Eisenhower Administration learned this when it authorized Vice President Nixon *et al.* to do some sabre-rattling.

I take it that Trygve Lie would not disagree for, as he told the Assembly in his last speech, he was no "utopian." He looked on the United Nations as "a practical approach to peace and progress—not by any quick and easy formulas, but by a wise, loyal, persistent use of its institutions by the member Governments over many years—not just for seven years, but for seven times seven."

For the first seven years Trygve Lie was a Secretary General who endeavored, with much success, to use the authority the Charter gave him: to form opinions and express them to the Council and Assembly and to the public; to try to mediate between Governments whose policies clashed, and to act, in his phrase, as "a spokesman for the world interest" even though the concept might be "in many ways far ahead of our times."

The Shackles of State

***"The Limits of Foreign Policy," by Charles Burton Marshall** (Henry Holt. 128 pp. $3), presents the conclusion of a former member of the State Department Planning Staff: we Americans cannot control international relations, can at best merely affect them. Here the book is reviewed by Walter Millis, author of "The Road to War," "Why Europe Fights," and other books.*

By Walter Millis

IN "The Limits of Foreign Policy," Charles Burton Marshall, a former member of the State Department Policy Planning Staff, has devoted five gracefully written, often perceptive lectures to a very simple yet usually neglected theme: the State Department is not omnipotent and even the United States is something less than God.

There are limits to what can be accomplished through foreign policy, even through the foreign policy of the United States. We hold only one-sixteenth of the world's land surface; and for every one United States citizen there are about sixteen assorted "foreigners," "aliens," "enemies," or "allies" on the globe. It is the task of foreign policy to influence or at least try to deal with this vast external phenomenon. At home we can write and enforce our laws. But in this outer world of foreign policy

—State Department.

C. B. Marshall—"somewhat heretical."

"we cannot ordain the conditions. The forces do not respond to our fiat. At best we can only affect them."

This is the thesis which Mr. Marshall states and restates throughout this little book. He writes with polish, style, more than a touch of humor, and frequently apt quotation from everybody from De Tocqueville to the taxi-driver. He can fall back on Keats, Whitman, and many more as readily as upon the story of the Texas jackrabbit who, compelled to climb a tree under hot pursuit, observed that "this is contrary to my natural predispositions, but necessity leaves no choice." Essentially Mr. Marshall is asking for a clearer recognition by Americans that necessity in the field of foreign relations may impose limitations upon "natural predispositions" for which the easy, idealistic, total solutions to which we are so often addicted in fact supply no answer.

We came by our illusions naturally. The century from 1815 to 1914, in which we met no really serious foreign threat or problem, left its mark in a happy, if unwarranted, confidence that we could do anything that we wished; and in a corresponding sense that our many failures and disappointments on the world stage must have been due to the stupidity or worse of our diplomats and foreign-policy managers. People still argue about why we "lost" China—oblivious to the fact that China was "never ours to lose," but a vast, complex problem in its own right which at most we could only have influenced and never controlled. In its day-to-day conduct foreign policy is in fact much more a series of reactions to "trouble" than a pursuit of any ideal design for a better world; and when we have persisted in pursuing the ideal designs we have usually fallen on our collective face.

MR. MARSHALL takes the somewhat heretical view that on balance it has been our diplomacy which has in general succeeded, while our wars have usually failed to attain the desired ends. If this flies counter to the popular idea that we have "never lost a war or won a peace" it is largely because we have placed impossible standards of "perfection" upon our ideas of peace. Throughout Mr. Marshall is the gently persuasive enemy of patly logical and perfec-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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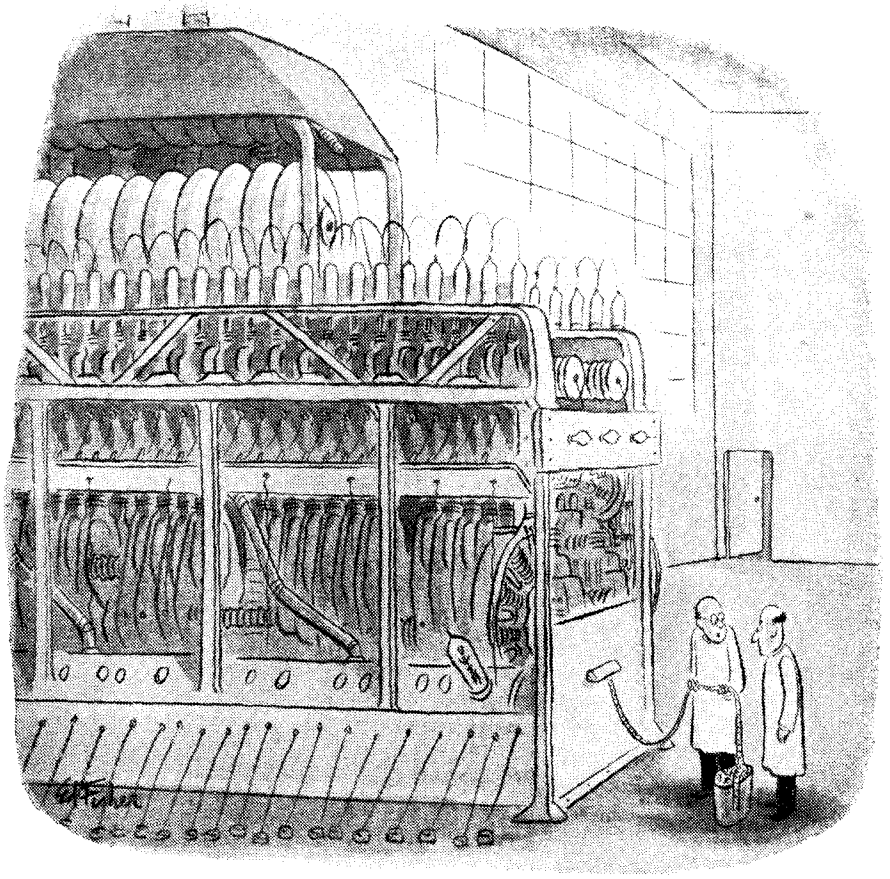
FICTION



"It says no more calculations until we build it a mate!"

Journey Between Two Eras

***"The Huge Season," by Wright Morris** (Viking Press. 306 pp. $3.75), is a story of four members of the Lost Generation of the Twenties, Thirties and early Forties and their groping progress into the Age of the Atom.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WITH increasing skill and insight, the serious (not solemn) contemporary novelist is evaluating our time of cold war and anxiety by juxtaposing characters and situations of our own and earlier decades. What was good, what bad about the Twenties, the Thirties, the first of the Forties? How do and should our values compare with those that earlier prevailed? Weren't we and our society, in some ways at least, better before the advent of the horrifying "cybernetic marvel," who opens "his plastic jaws" and says "I am a fact finder," while smiling to show "his teeth and gums coated with Nature's green"? Certainly an effort to probe these questions and give the kind of perhaps-answer fiction can is apparent in novels as divergent in form and content as the recent books of Alan Seager, Richard Wright, and Saul Bellow. The latest novel of Wright Morris, "The Huge Season," is the best of these novels that show why we came out where we did.

Using a method that is complex, original, and not difficult to follow, Mr. Morris shuttles back and forth between the Twenties and the Fifties, between what his major figures were and have become. There is Charles Lawrence, the wealthy and beautiful, pursuing the "habit of perfection" that in the Twenties united "George Herman Ruth and Charles A. Lindbergh, Albie Booth and Jack Dempsey, Juan Belmonte and Jay Gatsby, and every man, anywhere, who stood alone with his own symbolic bull," and had either "his moment of truth, or his early death in the afternoon." The other major characters—Peter Foley, Jesse Proctor, and Lou Baker—see Lawrence as an ideal they want to follow, and, when he has his "early death in the afternoon," they die into a life that seems meaningless and alien. For has not the possibility of perfection died with Lawrence, who committed suicide although he, like Richard Cory, had everything and could do anything?

So Lou Baker, despite her "moments of truth," goes on being Lady Brett instead of herself even when she, like the other exiles, returns. So Proctor turns to Communism during the Thirties, to business in the Forties, to martyrdom before the Senate Investigating Committee in the Fifties. But none of his turnings fills the gap left by the disappearance of Lawrence. So Peter Foley returns from Paris to teach a dead language to students who know it is dead, spends twenty years not finishing a novel, does not marry—does not, until he is past forty, discover any "meaning" other than the desirability of the perfection neither Lawrence nor pre-crash society could achieve.

YET Peter Foley, always a seeker if rarely a finder, does finally mature because of his insight into himself and his generation. His generation, he concludes, had ideals, too many of them, and a belief in the perfectability of the individual based upon a wilful ignorance of what man and the world is. They "had convictions . . . But they would not carry their war to the enemy. That led to action, action to evil, blood on the escutcheon of lily-white Goodness, and to the . . . world of men here below. The god-awful mess men made of it." The age of the atom glorifies facts, church-going, hyper-patriotism, and groveling conformity; the age of Lawrence, Foley, and Fitzgerald glorified the perpetual green light that admitted one to a never receding orgiastic future, perfect, pleasant, and painless. Somewhere between libertinism and frightened conformity, between the cybernetic marvel and the too self-sufficient individual lies the way out for our society and for us.

A great deal more could (and will) be said about both "The Huge Season" and Wright Morris. Mr. Morris, an expert photographer as well as an expert craftsman, makes you see and feel as well as think. He always has; and one wonders why he is not more generally recognized as one of America's leading novelists. Each of his seven novels, excepting perhaps "The Works of Love," marks a distinct advance in his ability to convey his original and remarkable insights. I hope that "The Huge Season" will have such success that it will send readers and critics back to such excellent novels as "Man and Boy" and "The Deep Sleep," for Mr. Morris is a major writer and a major writer can be understood fully only when he is read entire.

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Hillbilly Schweik

***"No Time for Sergeants," by Mac Hyman** (Random House. 214 pp. $2.95), chronicles the misadventures of a hillbilly named Will Stockdale, who found himself in Air Force uniform and whose aim (unfortunately for his fellow man) was to please.*

By Al Hine

AFTER I read the jacket blurb and description and all of Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants," I expected a routine hillbilly joke book, complete with characters named Snuffy living in Turnip Holler and dividing their hilarious hours atween courtin' and dodging revenoors. To my pleasant, and entirely undeserved, surprise it offers no such fare. Its characters, it is true, are from 'way back in the hills, so far back that it takes the draft board time and unparalleled effort to get Will Stockdale into uniform; but that's as far as the hillbilly comparison goes. In uniform, Will gives the Army the worst time it has had since the induction of Sad Sack back in World War II, and the reader some of the best belly-laughs since possibly that other good soldier Schweik.

For, like his Czech counterpart, Will Stockdale *is* a good soldier. And, in the most ancient of comic traditions, it is usually his very goodness, his anxiety to please and to help his fellow men up to and including sergeants, that causes disaster. His

Mac Hyman—"genuinely funny."

adventures are chronicled in an easy style, colloquial without being coy. The warn'ts and the clumbs are there, but they don't get in your way.

Will Stockdale didn't mind being drafted, didn't mind much of anything though, like his buddy Ben Whitledge, he'd a sight sooner been in the real Army, the Infantry that is, than where he wound up in the Air Force. How the Air Force was won around to this opinion is the crux of the story. And in the winning there are almost as many laughs as the publisher promises.

It's a book that makes reading aloud irresistible, to quote a particularly funny passage and then to find yourself going on full voice for several pages. Of my own favorite sections I should include Will's classification interview with an Air Force psychiatrist, and his bludgeoning innocently into the ground the hoary and somewhat meaningless cliche that all men are the same color in uniform. (There is here a refreshing echo of "The Emperor's New Clothes.") Or I might choose the heroic climax, to give away which would be unfair to the potential reader. There may be a few raised eyebrows in the public-relations section of the Air Force at the veiled hint that an occasional wild-blue-yonder officer and gentleman has been known to take to the air drunk as a billy-goat, but aside from such special reactions the book should be a relaxing and genuinely funny delight to all ages and sexes.

Will Stockdale is not likely to push Don Quixote or even Schweik off library shelves, but he belongs to the same earnest, honest, and uproarious company and gives a pleasant dividend of lightness to the season's reading.

Teach Me, Fall

By Joseph Joel Keith

TEACH me, fall, as you paint your leaves
for one last brilliant holiday,
not to mourn for my summers gone,
I in the autumn of my years.
As chill winds blow your wealth away,

teach me, fall, as you etch your growth,
brown and bare, against the sky
not to wish for the lyrics found
far in the meadowland of June,
and lost in the clusters of July.

Teach me, fall, as I set afire
your hillock-leaves, to leave your bright
blaze of color till, winter-old,
I might search in the deeper world,
white, white as my hair is white.

A House Divided

***"Stoney Lonesome," by Scott Hart** (Coward-McCann. 216 pp. $3), tells of what happened when a lost Union soldier stumbled into an enormous house in the Dismal Swamp, peopled with strange characters, after the last Civil War battle had been fought.*

By Clifford Dowdey

FEW books, fiction or non-fiction, have been written about the period immediately following the Civil War in the South. Neither side finds it an evocative era to contemplate: it arouses deep bitterness in the Southerner and perhaps shame in the Northerner. "Stoney Lonesome," the second novel of Scott Hart, of Virginia, places the story in that time-period, seven months after Appomattox, but it is unrelated to any of the historic forces, unconcerned with the unique problems then confronting the former Confederates, and is more properly genre fiction than historical. Except for certain mechanics of the situation (which could readily be changed), the story is actually laid in a timeless past, as well as one of those vague and haunted places, remote and borderless.

This is in the Dismal Swamp, in Eastern Virginia, a wasteland famed for its water-moccasins and good hunting, and Mr. Scott gives an account of a weird coon-hunt which displays his fine feelings for things of the earth. On an enclosed dry plain in the swamp sits an enormous house, "Stoney Lonesome," which is equally divided between two related families who inherited it. One half of the house is well tended by a rapacious and socially ambitious father and daughter, while the other half—with something of a "Wuthering Heights" atmosphere—has the "characters."

There a blind old man, with a taste for the bottle and good talk rather than the acquisitiveness of his in-law, centers his life in a daughter whose wild and individualistic spirit makes her at home with the night-life of the swamp. There she hunts with her rifle and two fine hounds, in complete mastery of the savage darkness. Out of the swamp stumbles The Stranger, in the person of a Union cavalry captain. His company had halted at a blacksmith's shop to get shod and, attracted by hounds hunting, he had wandered into the swamp and become lost. This is the device that uses the specific time, though with no element of "The Blue and the Gray": the girl's family are

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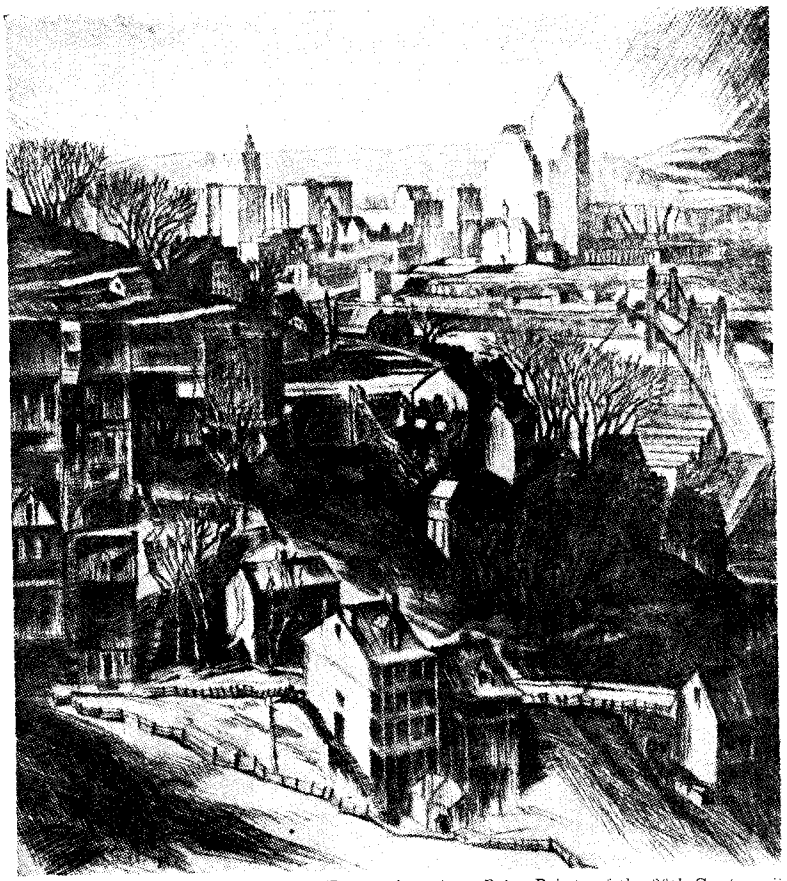

—From "American Prize Prints of the 20th Century"

"The Haves and Have Nots," by Louise Miller Boyer.

Unionists. (She called her hounds "Gettysburg" and "Antietam"—not "Sharpsburg," as her neighbors.)

The tall, broad-shouldered cavalry captain is taken by the swamp-sprite to her shabby half of "Stoney Lonesome," where he is introduced to the feud between the two families and curiously moved by the girl. When a young brother enters, with some inner torment of his own, and something of a cut-out of a Mammy, the personal forces begin to gather.

All the talk and all the action—particularly the climactic night scene in the swamp—comes through a sense of mood in the writing. Mr. Hart writes extremely well, very vividly of physical things, but the writing at times causes the main characters to seem isolated from a world of reality. If this is the author's intention, then the protagonists act more as symbols of something that isn't clear. By contrast, in handling the country people, he again uses the superb gift he showed in his first novel, "Eight April Days," and their dialogue has a wonderful and zestful flavor. It is the swamp girl and the tall captain, in their matrix of fated love and foredoomed violence, who arouse no response to recognizable and passionate life. Instead of seeming tragic, their story, muffled in the atmosphere, is like a folk tale without a hero.

A Red's Progress

"Most Likely to Succeed," by John Dos Passos *(Prentice-Hill, 310 pp. $3.50), is the story of Jed Morris, who is infected with the Communist virus in the Thirties, tries to write proletarian plays, and ends up in the Hollywood rat race.*

By Harrison Smith

IN FOUR novels which brought him fame John Dos Passos revealed a passion for observing the society of the Twenties and the Thirties. Fortunately for him, those were the days when the underdog was often a hero. A good novel had to be socially conscious if it were to meet with the approval of left-wing critics. Unfortunately for Mr. Dos Passos, those days, in which he wrote "Manhattan Transfer" and the trilogy "U.S.A.," are no longer with us.

Three years ago Mr. Dos Passos published a complex and disappointing novel, "Chosen Country." In it he attempted to weld together some present-day characters with their ancestry and with the past as he remembered it. His honesty remained as transparent as ever, but he had become as much the passionate defender of our virtues as he once was the passionate expounder of our faults.

Now he has written another book, with the ironic title "Most Likely to Succeed." It is indeed a dreary and unbelievable tale. It is about a conscienceless, inflated, and schizophrenic man who tried to climb the ladder of success in Hollywood, and undoubtedly there were such. But surely they were not surrounded by so many obviously malign, absurd, and dishonest followers of the Communist doctrine as Mr. Dos Passos would have us believe.

Specifically, Mr. Dos Passos is telling the story of Jed Morris and a lot of befuddled liberals and youthful intellectuals who—in those Depression years—drifted with the tide into Communism. Jed's father, it turns out, had been an honest financial reporter (and who also, being a Jew, had named his son Emmanuel). His adventures really begin in 1936, when Jed is traveling home third class on a luxury liner and falls in love with a "rich bitch" named Jane Marlowe. (It is Jane in the end who brings about his downfall.) In the first few pages Jed proves to be a liar, an egotist, a lecher, a fake idealist, and several other things, and his head is, of course, stuffed full of radical nonsense. He is also a playwright who believes that the theatre will take the place of the church as soon as its dead conventions are swept away, and his remedy for bringing about this cure is to abolish the proscenium arch and produce proletarian drama for a working class which, of course, is seething with discontent. Human society, he says—speaking of that era, of course—is drying up for lack of a creed.

Jed, who has been depending on handouts from his jobless father, arrives penniless in New York and joins a radical experimental theatre, which, it so happens, is temporarily endowed by a millionaire who not only has a Medici complex but who also likes to toy with radicalism. Jed's play fails and, after three trial runs, the Workers Playhouse is on its way out. So what does Jed do? He divorces his wife, abandons his child, and marries Felicia, a nice magazine artist who is taken in by anybody who talks feverishly and sounds like a genius.

In the meantime after surveying New York Jed discovers that "it stinks." The crowds go to gaudy musicals instead of the kind that will make them understand "a doomed society marching to the gallows." So Jed goes to Hollywood and flourishes—and most of the cast of the first half of the novel follows him there.

Slowly Jed is dragged into the

(*Continued on page 62*)

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Boston's Unsolved Robbery

"The Anatomy of a Crime," by Joseph F. Dinneen *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 212 pp. $2.95), is an account of a crime that, in its publisher's words, bears "a startling parallel to the great $2,500,000 Brink's robbery." Here it is reviewed by Croswell Bowen, crime reporter for* The New Yorker, *author of "They Went Wrong" and other books.*

By Croswell Bowen

IN MOST cities in the United States there is at least one newspaperman who "really knows the town." He's generally a swing man; politics, crime, business, labor, but basically he is a police reporter. He has "friends" among cops and crooks, politicians and priests, rich men, poor men. He is apt to be poor in dollars but rich in the currency of his trade—information. His hallmark is trustworthiness. It has to be or he wouldn't be long in business.

In New York I think of Mike Berger. In Chicago, John Bartlow Martin. In Boston, almost everybody agrees it's Joseph F. Dinneen of *The Boston Globe*. Therefore, when a book comes on the market called "The Anatomy of a Crime" and is billed as "a startling parallel to the great $2,500,000 Brink's robbery" and is by a man who covered every facet of that fabulous event, students of contemporary American life, especially its seamier side, would do well to study it.

Joe Dinneen is said to be the only newspaperman to whom Boston's rich, powerful Joe Kennedy will talk. His "Ward Eight," a realistic study of one Boston ward and its political workings, is used as a text in courses on city government at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. His "Purple Shamrock," a study of James Michael Curley, Boston's extraordinary political boss, put Dinneen in the same league of writers on U.S. political folkways as Richard Rovere and Frank Kent.

Dinneen bases an "hypothesis on the Brink's case." He advances the theory that a Boston crook, who had served as a stool pigeon for a certain Boston policeman, made a point of talking to this policeman at the exact moment the Doane's Transfer Agency (as Dinneen calls the hapless armored car company, the robbery of which is still unsolved) was being robbed of $2,500,000 by six men wearing plastic Halloween masks and visored caps. The cop, Edward Gallagher, suspects Tony Turchino, his valuable stool pigeon, of having a hand in the robbery, and tries, in his own fashion, to get from him information about it. Meanwhile the FBI men, "the glory boys" as Dinneen says the Boston police call them, move into the case because Federal Reserve bank deposits were included in the stolen funds. It isn't long before they discover that Gallagher the cop has "underworld connections" and they make cracks about "a sinister compact between the police and gangsters." It is true that Gallagher has helped Tony in beating some raps in exchange for information about Boston's underworld. But, as Dinneen brings out, the use of stool pigeons is standard procedure in the police departments of most large cities.

It's like the church organist's tippling. It's something everybody knows about but pretends doesn't exist. The FBI also suspects (as a result of wiretap evidence they can't use in court) that Tony had a hand in the great Boston holdup. They try to give Gallagher a hard time before a Federal grand jury. In the end it appears that the FBI has found a technicality in Tony's right to American citizenship although he has lived in the United States from infancy. Tony indicates he'd pay a million bucks not to be exported, would even rather go to jail.

Who, asks Dinneen, is being ethical now? If you can't get evidence on what Tony actually did is it all right to dig up in his citizenship papers or income-tax returns technicalities because you *suspect* he's guilty of another unrelated crime? Is Italy going to turn out to be a penal colony for American gangsters who came here as kids—following the pattern of Lucky Luciano? Why bother with the duly constituted courts of law at all?

—*Robert M. Dinneen.*

J. F. Dinneen—"the way things are."

Dinneen makes a good case for the use by police of tipsters, informers, and stool pigeons (it works) and a good case for Gallagher the cop (and incidentally all cops). As Dinneen told a friend recently, he was "convinced" that the prototype for Gallagher was an "honest guy getting a raw deal." The story of the friendship between the cop and the crook, which had its origins in an accident, is made plausible and moving. As you read you feel you are on the "inside." The complicated structure of police officers (local, state, and Federal), the DA's, the insurance companies, all working (sometimes at cross purposes) to hold back wholesale stealing in our country is more clearly explained than a ten-million-word transcript and report of a legislative crime commission's hearings.

THE only criticism I have of Dinneen's book is that he paints an extraordinarily rosy picture of police procedures in Boston. Apparently, the questioning of suspects by police in Boston is more polite than in New York City (my bailiwick). If Dinneen had done otherwise, of course, he'd have endangered his "in" with the Boston police. Deals are also made in getting news.

FBI agents are not, in my view, as universally resented by local police as Dinneen suggests. In small villages and towns, where the experience of local policemen is largely confined to getting drunks home to bed and keeping kids from breaking windows, the college-trained, smooth-working FBI agents are received, when a big crime occurs, with open arms and sometimes with respect and awe.

Universal International, which is making a movie of Dinneen's book, is disguising the FBI as a crime commission. *Collier's*, who first printed parts of the book, resisted polite suggestions that they leave out mention of the FBI. Movie people are, of course, more chicken on this score.

In general the book shows Dinneen for the fine dedicated reporter that he is. He has imposed on himself in his writing the same ideal he set forth in the book for a judge—"calm discretion . . . no right to be angry, irritated, or petulant."

Joe Dinneen presents things the way they are, not the way we'd like to think they are.

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Daniel Lang and friend wearing atomic-bomb protective goggles.

The Atom Age's Prophets

"The Man in the Thick Lead Suit," by Daniel Lang *(Oxford University Press. 207 pp. $3.50), is a* New Yorker *reporter's investigation into the human-interest aspects of the atom bomb. R. E. Lapp, who reviews it below, is an editor of the* Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists *and author of "The New Force: A Story of Atoms and People."*

By R. E. Lapp

APPLYING a light touch to things atomic is Daniel Lang's specialty. "The Man in the Thick Lead Suit," his latest contribution to the nuclear folklore, is a potpourri concocted of *New Yorker* magazine ingredients, slightly warmed over. Just as a skilful chef blends improbable and diverse viands into palatable fare, Lang crams sheepherders, nuclear physicists, and Las Vegas gamblers between the covers of a single book. The result is appetizing reading.

There is little attempt to cope with the heavy side of the atom. The closest approach is a mercifully brief chapter from which the book derives its provocative but non-descriptive title—a treatment of civil defense in a pre-atomic frame of reference.

All but two chapters pivot about the unstable atom. One of these—"Something in the Sky"—is a sane and terrestrial account of the ubiquitous flying saucers. Those who take a mystic's view of celestial chinaware will not be heartened by Lang's account.

Mr. Lang, who has written extensively for *The New Yorker,* is a roving reporter in quest of human-interest stories about the atom. Obviously, he could not make a penny writing about the connubiality of neutrons and protons inside the atom. The interaction of subatomic particles is as fascinating as it is fundamental to a nuclear physicist. However, to understand the neat internal architecture of the microcosmos one has to be able to pierce the tough technical enamel of the subject. Few laymen are prepared to do this. So Mr. Lang writes about things outside the *verboten* inner atom; he seeks his material in the dry gulches of the West, where he finds a new breed of prospector hunting for uranium. Pitchblende-happy sourdoughs now prowl the Rockies armed with chromium-plated Geiger gadgets looking for the magic metal of the Atomic Age. A few strike it rich and Lang tells their adventures in a deft non-quantum mechanical style.

Trekking about the country, Mr. Lang naturally does some snooping in the laboratories of the Atomic Energy Commission. All on the up-and-up, of course; no climbing over fences or drinking scientists under the table. Mr. Lang finds that atomic scientists are members of *homo sapiens.* Physicists, it seems, have red corpuscles, too. Two corking good interviews with distinguished scientists convert them from the clinical characters they are often believed to be into warm human beings.

DR. Sam Goudsmit, one of the interviewees, is a raconteur who can keep a roomful of people amused all evening long with his wonderful anecdotes—some of them hilarious, others simply incredible. Dr. William Pollard, the other nuclear physicist corraled by Mr. Lang, can hold a group's attention in a different way. He is the first atomic scientist to become ordained as a deacon in the Episcopal Church. Although he worked on the A-bomb, it was no Pandoric sense of sin which turned him to religion. Dr. Pollard taught Sunday School at Oak Ridge, and his zeal to learn more about the ministry was kindled by the probing questions of his youngsters.

The forty-three-year-old atom-smashing deacon has not eschewed science in his new-found pursuits. Instead, he reconciles the two without wrestling with the enigma of schizophrenia. "After I ceased to be wholly dependent on the scientific approach," Dr. Pollard observes, "I lost the feeling that all phenomena must be explained. Now when I see a thunderstorm brewing, for example, I am able to regard it with a sense of wonder, if you will, and let the next fellow worry about air currents, temperature changes, and the rest of the physics going on up there." Pollard's dualistic view allows him to read a paper on isotope separation to the scientific elite one day and with equal ease to address another group on "Revelation and Response" the next. What the scientist-deacon has found is that science and philosophy have a nexus —the quest for truth. As scientists teeter on the rapidly expanding rim of knowledge, seeking out the ultimate constitution of matter, they find ever-growing complexity in the intricate watchworks of nature. It is no wonder that they should look beyond the edge of science into the area of religion.

The Atomic Age is still very young, despite its *ad astra* evolution. One wonders what the pages of Mr. Lang's next book will contain a few years hence. The atom is sure to touch the lives of more and more of us and, hopeful that it is not the lash of fire, we may look forward to more of Mr. Lang's light touch.

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Ole Senator Tom

"My Name Is Tom Connally," by Thomas Connally, as told to Alfred Steinberg *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 376 pp. $5), offers the reminiscences of the former United States Senator from Texas who loomed large in our national politics from Wilson through Truman. Hodding Carter, our reviewer, is editor of the Greensville, Mississippi,* Delta Democrat-Times.

By Hodding Carter

TOM CONNALLY of Texas was born on the American frontier and to the frontier tradition. At the Texas horizon the world ended. In his boyhood he knew old men who had fought Santa Anna for the freedom of Texas. His father, a Confederate veteran, had triumphed over the Civil War's destructiveness, and great personal tragedy, to become a prosperous farmer. As a young college student Tom took time off in 1898 to try to join Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Underweight, he had to be content with a sergeantcy in a Texas infantry outfit that never heard Spanish rifle fire or even saw Cuba.

Then he settled down to what might have been only a lifetime of Southwestern, small-town politics, first as a member of the legislature, then as district attorney with a reputation for liberalism, a quick and sometimes rough tongue, and an ambition to go places. And so, in 1917, it was new, green U.S. Representative Connally who applauded Woodrow Wilson and voted for war against Germany; and therewith began a series of appointments with history that would last, in House and Senate, for thirty-six years.

What he did and why and a great deal else about the inner workings of democratic government in crisis and transition are crammed into "My Name Is Tom Connally," a rapid-fire and often too hasty account of his public life, as told by the now retired Texan political giant to Alfred Steinberg. It is not a meditative book. Senator Connally doesn't pause often for philosophic reflection. Instead, his story frequently cracks like a Ranger's .45, from the days when he feuded with the Texas power interests to the time of the free world's continuing battles in the United Nations Assembly.

At almost every momentous juncture during the past quarter of a century Senator Connally was there. As chairman of the House and later of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, and a party stalwart, the country boy from Texas became one of the New Deal's and the nation's most important spokesmen in war and peace. He fought for TVA and lower tariffs, against pre-World War II isolationism and the opponents of the United Nations. A loyal party man, he could rise above partisanship to help block Roosevelt's court-packing plan.

In these recollections, as on the floors of Congress, he can and does give the back of his hand to a host of his political contemporaries, Democratic and Republican, from Jimmy Byrnes to the late Senator Vandenberg, whose conversion from isolation he doubts. He gives his accolade to as many others, among them Truman and Acheson.

Throughout this book the reader is reminded that God has guided America in time of crisis so that we do somehow manage to triumph over the narrow-mindedness, the selfish political considerations, and the lack of vision that are the hallmarks of our everyday political life; that somehow the onetime Texas farmboy can see a vision of an orderly world and work for it.

Every now and then among these crowded pages one wants to stop and catch one's breath, for Senator Connally has a lot to tell and, understandably, a desire to set forth his role in the shaping of the nation's course in its most eventful and dangerous years. That his part was great is almost as evident from a reading of the newspapers of the past twenty-five years as it is here; and if the Senator does not hide his light under a bushel, neither is he immodest. He was one of America's history makers of the twentieth century. His memoirs give insight into the manner of the democratic compromises between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches. I'm glad the old warhorse wrote the book.

Notes

A NEWSMAN'S LIFE: That Grove Patterson, editor of the *Toledo Blade,* chose **"I Like People"** as the title of his autobiography (Random House, $3.50) is both an indication of the man and the book. After fifty years as a newspaperman, with experience in all facets of the business, from working on the rim to writing a daily column, Mr. Patterson is still without bitterness or cynicism and is as fresh and eager as a youngster on his first foreign assignment.

It isn't necessary to read Mr. Patterson in the *Toledo Blade* to know why he has such a large following. He writes simply, is intensely interested in everything that goes on about him, and neither carries a chip on his shoulder nor tilts at windmills. The book is easy, pleasant reading and will be exceptionally well received by those who have worked with him or have followed his travels.

There is no solution to any of the world's problems in this book. There is no pontificating. Mr. Patterson writes for a wide audience that is essentially fair and moderate and wants to see through the author's eyes the faraway places and the world figures Mr. Patterson has seen and spoken with. Not many newspapermen of his experience have been public speakers. Mostly they have done the writing and let others make the speeches. Mr. Patterson has done both and has found both exciting and stimulating. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

PROBLEMS OF PRACTICAL POLITICS: Richard L. Neuberger is a successful magazine writer who is the Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Oregon, where none but a Republican has been elected for forty years. In **"Adventure in Politics"** (Oxford University Press, $3.50) Mr. Neuberger puts down some of his experiences in the Oregon State Legislature, of which he and his wife are members.

This small book is more than a campaign document. It expresses some worried thoughts on the weaknesses of states and their inability to carry the responsibility President Eisenhower feels they should have. To Mr. Neuberger only at Washington, where the ins and outs are closely balanced, where there is a national, vigilant press in close attendance, can the heavy burdens of modern American governmental responsibility be dealt with adequately, with proper foresight and perspective.

Interesting as Mr. Neuberger's report on his wife's campaign to end the ban on colored margarine is, it is topped by his discussion of party funds: where they come from, how they can be controlled in the general public as against the special interest. The author recalls with approval President Theodore Roosevelt's suggestion that the Federal treasury finance campaigns for national office and the state pay for campaigns for the governorship and state legislature. The whole problem is difficult of solution, but Mr. Neuberger makes a contribution by discussing it. Too few candidates for office even touch on the explosive subject. —L. L. L. G.

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Doctors and Moral Law

Joseph Fletcher—"enlightened."

"Morals and Medicine," by Joseph Fletcher *(Princeton University Press. 243 pp. $4.50), is a Protestant clergyman's analysis of five ethical problems: the patient's right to know the truth about himself; contraception; artificial insemination; sterilization, and euthanasia. Below it is reviewed by Dana W. Atchley, professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University and staff member of New York's Presbyterian Hospital.*

By Dana W. Atchley, M.D.

IN "Morals and Medicine" Dr. Joseph Fletcher, professor of pastoral theology and Christian ethics at the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, sets out to analyze, as a humanist, five ethical problems in the field of medicine. As qualification for this task he offers twenty-five years in the ministry, including fifteen spent in "clinical supervision of theological students in hospital and social agencies"; the latter experience probably explains his evident familiarity with medicine.

The five "human rights" which the author discusses and advocates are (1) "our right to know the truth" (as patients); (2) "our right to control parenthood" (contraception); (3) "our right to overcome childlessness" (artificial insemination); (4) "our right to foreclose parenthood" (sterilization), and (5) "our right to die" (euthanasia).

Dr. Fletcher approaches these controversial questions in a scholarly and tolerant fashion, dealing generously with those who would differ with him. The mixture of Christian morality and humanist philosophy provides an ideal medium for the ethical studies which are presented. (It should be noted that the author calls himself a "personalist" rather than a "humanist.") This reviewer finds the biological aspects of the work accurate and sound in general; the humanism, thoroughly acceptable; the theology, understandable, though he has in this area only the amateur standing of a clergyman's son.

In an introductory chapter Dr. Fletcher offers a brief survey of morality, distinguishing between "customary morality," based on unreflective acceptance of group habit, "rational morality," and "theocratic or revealed morality." He points out that theocratic morality has yielded to the "steady pressure of man's growing self-determination as his growing pains were fortified by the triumphs of medicine." Scientific advances heighten our moral stature because they enhance our moral responsibility through increase in knowledge. It is pleasant to find this enlightened attitude toward science, so severely accused in recent years of being a destructive force.

As a basis for argument in the five ethical areas Dr. Fletcher "sets forward the premise that moral status depends on two things at least: first, freedom of choice and, second, knowledge of the facts and of the courses between which we may choose." He conceives morality to be a dynamic affair—"morality [is] a process rather than a given quantity; never is the ideal of what is good and what is right once for all delivered to the saints."

THE chapter on contraception is devoted largely to a refutation of that section of revealed or theocratic morality which forbids the practice. It is thoughtful and friendly, and it is most convincing. Biologically contraception needs no defense; its value is self-evident. The moral status of artificial insemination is considered as two separate problems, *viz.*, insemination from the husband and insemination from a donor. The moral status of the former needs no comment, but the donor type has apparently several practical hurdles to be overcome. The psychological reaction of the husband is often unsatisfactory, and there are legal difficulties in relation to inheritance of property. The religious objection that donor insemination is adultery is denied by the author on the basis of pertinent Biblical references.

Sterilization has many facets, and of these Dr. Fletcher offers a comprehensive survey. There is the unavoidable sterilization consequent to disease of the reproductive organs and their surgical removal; practically all agree on the morality of this procedure. Only certain sects consider immoral the preventive sterilization of, for example, a patient with permanent heart defects whose pregnancy would be fatal. There is unanimity of disapproval of punitive sterilization of criminals. Religion interferes again in the sterilization of those capable of transmitting serious physical or mental defects of perpetual genetic influence. Dr. Fletcher's discussion of the theology in this situation is probably more convincing to the reviewer than to the churchmen involved. The morality and scientific value of techniques to prevent the continuance of human strains hopelessly defective should need no defense, though, of course, what is regarded as hopeless in medicine today may not be tomorrow.

The section on euthanasia includes careful comments on suicide as a form of euthanasia. The author approves of legally controlled voluntary euthanasia on compassionate grounds and defends it on the basis of rational as well as religious morality. He avoids quite wisely the highly controversial matter of termination of suffering in fatal illness without the knowledge or request of the patient. This reviewer believes that we are not yet ready, if ever, for involuntary euthanasia and that the practical value, even if it be considered moral, of the voluntary type would be slight in view of modern methods of controlling pain.

DR. FLETCHER takes an uncompromising stand on "our right to know the truth." He says, "Our moral stature is proportionate to our responsibility and . . . we cannot act responsibly without the fullest knowledge." Therefore, a doctor "owes the patient the truth as fully and as honestly as he owes him his skill and care and technical powers." The only exception granted to this code is the field of psychiatry where the mind of the patient is unable to assimilate facts. It is disturbing to find the author writing

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about this subtle and complicated area with his maximum of assurance, almost with dogmatism; although he admits, "There is no good reason. merely out of rigid adherence to abstract principle to be hard or brutally logical about the morality of truth-telling in illness."

The suggestion that uncertainty as to the possible occurrence of a serious complication might restrain the physician from revealing the full truth is dismissed by this statement: "To take refuge in finitude to avoid reality is only a sophisticated form of escapism." There is no quality of the doctor-patient relationship more precious than the confidence of each in the other's integrity but a trustful patient deserves a compassionate physician. This reviewer has spent many sessions attempting to repair the damage inflicted by a physician's obsessive urge to candor. The duty of the modern physician is honest exposition, in terminology tailored to the intelligence and sophistication of the individual involved; tempering candor with commonsense and compassion. Rigid codification of such a complicated relationship is inappropriate and could easily prevent an attainment of the highest ideals of medical care. Aside from the rigidity of its conclusions, the chapter on truth-telling is an excellent discussion of a delicate question.

Dr. Fletcher's fine presentation of the problems of morals in relation to medicine serves a valuable function as a Protestant counterbalance to the extensive and able Catholic writings on the subject. Both points of view should be available to the interested reader.

Sons of Cicero

"The Art of Advocacy," by Lloyd Paul Stryker *(Simon & Schuster. 306 pp. $5). is a discussion of the challenge of justice in the courtroom by a great trial lawyer. Douglas W. McGregor, who reviews it here, is a member of the Houston, Texas, law firm of McGregor and Sewell.*

By Douglas W. McGregor

SOME fifteen years ago I acquired Lloyd Paul Stryker's "Andrew Johnson" and lived again with him the trials and tribulations of that great man. In this great work Stryker's tremendous capacity for the accumulation of facts, his unceasing search for the verities, and his contempt for the ebb and flow of the transient sentiment of the mob came to light. It was a glowing story of a period long neglected.

As I read this book the thought would strike my mind: What manner of man is this who so cogently holds my attention? I found the answer on rereading the introduction: "The time has come when justice should be done to Andrew Johnson," wrote Stryker. What greater reason could there be for a man to write of the life of another than to sustain and justify him? Such has been the professional and literary life of Stryker—always a seeker of justice.

Out of this yearning quest, Stryker has again taken his pen in hand to encourage and foster in the lawyers of America a similar desire in order that justice may not depart from the country which he loves. "The Art of Advocacy" should appeal, and may well appeal, to the lay mind with greater strength and force than it will to the lawyer. I say this for the reason that the legal mind becomes sooner channelized in its beliefs and actions than other minds. Perhaps this is rightly so because of the adulation of some for *stare decisis* or for code law. The layman, now that the fire and the frenzy of the mob mind is gone, will long enjoy his recounting of famous trials and effort well spent.

"For felicity of expression," says Mr. Stryker, "for terseness and aptness of statement, for tact in action, and for courage, the Apostle Paul as a trial lawyer stands in a class by himself. The record of his trials, from the time he was rescued from the mob in the Temple until he was sent to Rome, is the briefest, most accurate, and yet most comprehensive record extant. You will recall that when he was taken from the mob by Lysias, he was asked by Lysias if he was not a certain Egyptian, then an outlaw. He at once assumed an aggressive defensive, which he maintained throughout the entire proceeding, indicating in all things that he had not sat idly at the feet of Gamaliel. Paul states his whole case to Lysias in one sentence, considering the charges which had been brought against him. He said: 'I am a man which am a Jew, of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city.' Thus Paul's statement challenged the attention and won the confidence of the commander and he permitted Paul to speak to the mob, which he did in the Hebrew tongue." And what an opening: "Men, Brethren, and Fathers, hear ye my defense which I make unto you."

Such is "The Art of Advocacy" dealing with great men and methods of our most recent times and illustrating the art and acumen of their struggle for justice under the law. Lawyers will be enthralled and refreshed with the recounting of the exploits of Martin Littleton, John W. Davis, and many others. Strongly do I wish that some way could be had to bring about the reading by all of them of this great book. Too few of them realize, as Arthur T. Vanderbilt has written, that "to learn the law of a case—given industry and intelligence—is relatively simple, but to know the facts of case after case is indeed a life sentence to hard labor." Or as Irving Kaufman has written, "It is the client who is entitled to a full and fair defense, and not the crime of which he stands accused." Let us hope, therefore, that this latest work of Lloyd Paul Stryker receives the widest attention.

Exile

By Edith Warner Johnson

WHO am I who seem to sit secure
Locked in safety
Where perishable comforts cushion disaster
Flimsily clothing the skeleton of fear.

Yet faces cry to me through mist—

The faint vibration of leaves and air
Breathe of a land from which I might have come,
Dimly remembered,
And shadows flowing and ebbing across day and night
Pierce me with pain,
As if in the far surrounding light
I glimpsed a country I once had known.

A voyager on a strange odyssey,
I am an exile, alone, an alien in peril,
When and where shall I arrive on the shores of home?

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A Look at the Lawyers

"The American Lawyer," by Albert P. Blaustein and Charles O. Porter *(University of Chicago Press. 360 pp. $5.50), is a summary of a survey of the legal profession made under the auspices of the American Bar Association. Mark DeWolfe Howe, who discusses it here, is professor of law at Harvard University.*

By Mark DeWolfe Howe

SINCE 1947 the legal profession has been surveying itself. In this century such an enterprise requires something more than a shiny mirror and an observant eye; survey teams must be organized, the paraphernalia of IBM scholarship must be installed, questionnaires must be drafted and circulated, and statistics assembled, analyzed, and digested. The American Bar Association, overlooking none of these necessities (nor the $275,000 considered necessary to sustain the enterprise), has nearly carried the project to completion. What Albert P. Blaustein and Charles O. Porter have produced in "The American Lawyer: A Summary of the Survey of the Legal Profession" is not a final, official document, but an unofficial summary of the data so far gathered.

It seems unlikely that anyone will question the skill or accuracy with which the summarizers have performed their task. They have brought vigor and imaginative intelligence to its performance and in doing so have brought life to statistics. The same data handled with official deference would probably sink of their own weight into that crowded cemetery of statistics, the appendix to a monograph. Those who come in the future to use the bar association's survey will find this unofficial summary an indispensable key to its contents. Beyond this, one would like to be able to say that the work of Mr. Blaustein and Mr. Porter indicates that the survey includes much treasure. Of course the interest of the reader does as much to establish the value of the summary as do the contents, and those who seek authoritative figures on the financial condition of lawyers, their distribution between towns and cities, or their preference as between associated and individual practice will find significant data in the summary. Those who are anxious to learn something of contemporaneous movements for procedural reform will find that problem dealt with, though it is hard to see why that issue was deserving of an attention which other problems of law reform did not receive. It is not improbable that the explanation is to be found in the fact that the first director of the survey was Arthur T. Vanderbilt.

Though Reginald Heber Smith, the present director, in his foreword speaks with eloquent gratitude of the "academic freedom" which the surveyors were granted by the American Bar Association, one cannot help wondering whether the freedom was given more than academic recognition. An inquiry which gives us much information as to the status of women at the American bar surely might have said something of the condition of the Negro practitioner—particularly, perhaps, of the policies which the American Bar Association has followed with respect to the Negro's relationship to that association. A survey which covers local and national organizations of the bar is hardly adequate if it contains but two brief and colorless references to the National Lawyers' Guild —an organization which the Attorney-General of the United States takes with such seriousness as to seek its destruction. A survey which includes problems of legal ethics might be expected to touch upon the disbarment of lawyers who participated in the defense of Communist leaders. The efforts of local and national associations of lawyers to exact loyalty oaths from members of the bar surely deserves some attention in a survey which examines prevailing attitudes in the legal profession. A study of bar associations and their system of government is less than adequate if it says nothing of how the American Bar Association has permitted its energies to be dedicated to such dubious crusades as that of Senator Bricker. The freedom of surveyors is hardly a fruitful luxury if the questions which they ask are designed to keep not only the peace of the profession but the tranquility of its members.

IN SUM, one's disappointment with this volume is not based upon the insufficiency of the efforts of Mr. Blaustein and Mr. Porter. They have done all that could be done with the materials available to them. Perhaps no survey of the sort that was undertaken by the American Bar Association could be expected to touch upon the controversial issue which this has so successfully evaded. Such an isolated critic of the legal profession as Jeremy Bentham, misinformed as he may be on matters of detail, is likely to make a much larger contribution to progress and reform than a group of accurate surveyors who scientifically record the facts which seem relevant to the orthodox. Perhaps Bentham's achievement would have been larger had he built his program of reform upon 175 reports of 400 surveyors. If that be so, it must now be our hope that a new Bentham will appear on the scene to build upon the foundations which the bar association has laid. There will always be some, however, who will doubt the value of mountainous efforts to produce mice. When the mice that are born of such efforts are as well-behaved and well-groomed as those which the American Bar Association has mothered, the fruitfulness of the labor is bound to be brought in question.

The Law: Its $ and ¢

THERE are too many lawyers in the U.S. According to "The American Lawyer," by Albert P. Blaustein and Charles O. Porter, there is one for roughly every 746 people in the country, making a total of 199,052. New York State has the largest number: 33,206; but the District of Columbia has a higher percentage to its total population: one lawyer for every 121 persons. Nevada, even counting those in Reno, has the smallest number of lawyers: 383. There are 5,059 lady Portias in the U.S.

• • Lawyers are big money makers, but they have been outstripped by the doctors. In 1929 the net income of the average lawyer in private practice was $5,534; for the doctor it was $5,224. But in 1951 the figure had changed to $8,730 for the lawyer and $13,432 for the doctor. (The dentist made almost as much as the lawyer in 1951: $7,820.)

• • Lawyers are a strikingly long-lived lot. Today more than 10 per cent of them have passed the age of sixty-five. Of the country's total male population only 7.7 per cent have passed sixty-five.

• • Lawyers read more Westerns and whodunits than they do popular works about the law and the legal profession.

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Seeing Things

TALLULAH

OUR weathermen must not be theatregoers. They say that, until this year, we have not had a "big blow" in the New York-New England area since 1944, and when listing the sisterhood of hurricanes that recently hit the East Coast get no further into the alphabet than "F." What tosh, what ignorance, what amnesia! Don't they know that long before Alice, Barbara, Carol, Dolly, Edna, and Florence came along Tallulah was around? And how can they (meaning our weathermen) have forgotten that 1948, not 1944, was the year when she last struck Broadway? Or that two months before Carol and Edna swept through New England Tallulah was there on the summer circuit in "Dear Charles,"* bending houses to her will and creating a storm center wherever she happened to be?

Well, Tallulah has now blown into New York and is whirling at a velocity of 150 miles an hour in this same "Dear Charles," a farce which keeps circling around and around at a very low speed, heading nowhere in particular. As everyone must know, this story of a much-unmarried French novelist who suddenly decides to find a father for the three children she has had by three different men has experienced many sea changes. First a work by Frederick Jackson called "Slightly Scandalous," it was a flop here a decade ago with Janet Beecher as its star. Next, it took out its naturalization papers in Paris in 1948, where as "Les Enfants d'Edouard" it scored a hit in Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon's gallicized version. Then it crossed the Channel to succeed under its present title in London with Yvonne Arnaud in Alan Melville's adaptation. Now it has come home again and, after having been turned down by Miss Bankhead, left by Annabella, tried out on the road by Lili Darvas, and finally accepted by Tallulah, it has reached Broadway.

Tallulah, of course, is the force that has carried it there and will keep it there. Without her it would be hard to take; even with her taking it is not always easy. For, in spite of its sprinkling of funny lines, "Dear Charles" is a farce which, as written, is a dull, wheezing, and old-fashioned affair. Though nothing in its own right, for countless thousands it becomes something merely because of Tallulah's presence in it. The secondary actors (as if all actors were not tertiary when confronted with La Bankhead!) are pleasant and gifted people. It is Tallulah, however, who makes the evening, not by stealing the show, but by turning what little show there is into a sizable sideshow.

No performer in our theatre is more colorful than she. None is blessed with a personality more tempestuous or exciting. Everyone remembers her Regina in "The Little Foxes" as one of the outstanding characterizations of our time, and no one denies that the stuffs of genius are in her. The center of the stage is wherever she is. She is fascinating to look at and to listen to. Her beauty is equal to her temperament and not in years has she looked lovelier than she does in "Dear Charles," trimmed down as she is to a mere 108. Her face with its great headlights for eyes, its lilylike pallor, and clear-cut features is hospitable to any emotion. Frightening in its hardness as her expression can be at one moment, it can melt at the next into beguiling gaiety.

With Tallulah the divine spark is a fire at once flaming and dangerous. The extraordinary endowments which distinguish her also imperil her. She is as much the victim of her talents as she is the product. Her gifts outdistance her taste. Most players have to learn to act. Her problem is to keep from overacting. This she seems to find harder and harder to do. If she resembles a hurricane in power, she also resembles one in her unpredictability and her lack of control.

MISS BANKHEAD'S tragedy—and the theatre's—is that nothing and no one can hold her down. Since she worked with Herman Shumlin in "The Little Foxes" she has not had a director who could subdue her, and it begins to look as if it would take a Clyde Beatty to do so. Instead of losing herself in characters drawn by others, she has

—Vandamm.

Tallulah Bankhead and brood—"a hurricane in power."

*DEAR CHARLES, by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon and Frederick Jackson, adapted by Alan Melville. Staged by Edmund Baylies. Setting by Donald Oenslager. Presented by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann. With Tallulah Bankhead, Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Robert Coote, Werner Klemperer, Norah Howard, Alice Pearce, Larry Robinson, Grace Raynor, Tom Raynor, Mary Webster, and Peter Pell. At the Morosco Theatre, New York City. Opened September 15, 1954.

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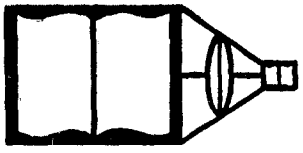

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turned herself into a character more flamboyant than any part she could ever hope to play. The pity is that where people once admired her as an artist her fans now expect her to be undisciplined and eccentric. Many would feel let down if she were not. Their hope is that she will misbehave by being as untamed onstage as she is off.

In "Dear Charles" Tallulah does not disappoint those who dote on her excesses. She can still act as only a superior performer can, lending humor to a humorless line and playing this scene or that with a skill it does not deserve. But much of the time she seems to be parodying herself. The familiar head-tossings, the fluttering of the eyelashes, the rolling of the eyes, the snarls, the Etna-like rumblings of her voice border on travesty. The raucous laugh, more accurately the jungle roar, with which she ends speech after speech has become a distressing and overworked mannerism. Again and again in the process of trying to make something out of nothing, she resorts to mugging of the most open and occasionally embarrassing kind.

Her performance may for most represent the brave triumph of personality over lack of matter. But some of us, remembering the Miss Bankhead of "The Little Foxes" and "The Skin of Our Teeth," cannot help regretting the extent to which she has been overtaken by the legend of Tallulah.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Young Poet

(for Ingeborg Kayko)

By Hannah Kahn

SPREAD her ashes over fern—
she whose body had to burn.

Over mangrove, over oak,
spread them like a film of smoke . . .

Spread them thin, like scattered seed,
she whose love was more than
need. . . .

Scatter them, though nothing grows
from this seed

somewhere a rose
will blossom brighter, sharper red;

she is dead.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Principal or Principle?

WHO is the culprit in Roger Garis's new play, "The Pony Cart"? Is it the dark woods of the small town of Bradford, which symbolize the unenlightenedness and primitive nature of a rural community? Is it society, which has found no humane and satisfactory way to deal with senile psychopaths? Or is it fear of other people, a condition which would exist even if the first two evils could be corrected? The audience at the De Lys can take its choice, or it can have a cloudy mixture of all three.

However, the real virtue of "The Pony Cart" does not lie in the sociological or psychological questions it poses. If it did Mr. Garis could have written a far more effective theatrical piece along the lines of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." The high-school principal and his wife could have had a stirring debate over whether or not to charge the father of the town's leading citizen with bribing a pair of nine-year-old girls to undress in front of him. And there could have been a moment of bitter triumph when, after having lost both the trial and his job, the principal is justified by the killing of one of the children by the acquitted psychopath.

Yet the playwright and an excellent cast have chosen not to allow "The Pony Cart" to move at a showy full gallop. This is not to say that the play does not defer to theatrical convention at many points. It does. There is the second-act climax where the leading citizen becomes a stock villain with his threats to the schoolteacher; the equally trite but nonetheless sure-fire scene in which the villain's downtrodden wife futilely and hysterically turns against him; and the overlong final sequence in which the mother waits for news of her child while an aunt contributes to the suspense by trying to calm the anxious parent. But what takes the curse off all this is the play's accurate representation of a husband and wife in a crisis. Who was it that said, "A wife is someone who sticks with you through all the trouble you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married her"? How many modern marriages consist of persons living together with differing sets of values that clash, not only when it is a question of endangering a man's career for a principle, but on such routine items as how to discipline a child. Here Mr. Garis has caught a very important truth, honestly and subtly.

Under David Pressman's unembroidered direction the acting is extraordinarily disciplined. To call Louisa Horton, who plays the noble wife, an off-Broadway Margaret Sullavan is perhaps unfair, but not untrue. For Miss Horton does have that same rare well-bredness, and that same ability to play a dignified matron who has not lost the vitality and freshness of youth. Lamont Johnson makes the patient husband as human and unheroic as most of us are. And Dorothy Patten as the wise old aunt delivers the comic relief without disturbing the play's central focus.

"The Pony Cart" is a commendable first effort and suggests that Mr. Garis needs only to be a little more sure of where he is going before being handed the reins of a Broadway horse-and-wagon.

Incidentally, the Dublin Players' revival of O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" at Lucille Lortel's White Barn Theatre was good Irish but indifferent theatre. Their "state of chassis" could be corrected by a good director.

—HENRY HEWES.

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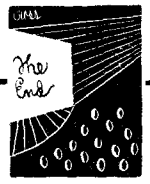

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Cheez It, the Cops!

AFTER all the hullabaloo against crime films and gangster movies, it comes as something of a shock to discover ourselves suddenly plunged knee-deep into a brand-new cycle of offensive police pictures. It's only natural for cops to follow gangsters; but even a cursory examination of the half-dozen or more pictures that are currently going the rounds will indicate that there is something wrong here. These aren't the cops we knew when I was a boy, those stalwart men in blue usually impersonated by Thomas Meighan or Monte Blue, who gently assisted old ladies across busy intersections, located lost puppies, and, for a climax, caught the bank-robber or escaped convict who was terrorizing the neighborhood. In those days, with those heroes, boys dreamed of becoming policemen themselves. It's doubtful whether the current crop of police films will so inspire the youth of today—except perhaps as a direct line to a soft touch. For the fact is, the movie cop of today is not merely unglamorous, he is also more than a little unsavory. The heroes of such films as **"Rogue Cop," "Dragnet," "Shield for Murder," "Pushover,"** and **"Private Hell 36"** all use their badges either as an excuse for brutality that borders on the sadistic or as a cover for downright criminal activities.

Most of the films in this new cycle are concerned with crooked cops, with policemen—frequently officers—on the take for a dishonest dollar. What makes their derelictions so startling is the sordid simplicity of their motives. No cop film these days fails to mention the "lousy sixty-five," or whatever it is they work for, as compared to the "big money" they can get their hands on merely by looking the other way from time to time, or by failing to turn in the loot from a criminal haul they have intercepted. Money is always the main object, although not infrequently there is an expensive girl around (Ida Lupino, Kim Novak) to translate the cash into something more tangible. Occasionally a fellow officer will advise the hero that he's "sick" and ought to see a psychiatrist, but the "sickness" apparently is something that money can cure. Robert Taylor's "Rogue Cop" is especially disturbing because of its suggestion that just about everyone in the precinct knows he has been on gangland's payroll for years. Not until he is caught in a particularly flagrant underworld "fix," however, does he get called down by his captain and threatened with dismissal from the force.

Scarcely less disquieting are the implications of "Shield for Murder," in which Edmund O'Brien plays a detective notoriously too quick on the trigger. When he shoots a bookmaker while making an arrest no one in the station house turns a hair—at least, not until it develops that he had relieved the bookmaker of $25,000 first. Even then his fellow officers give him every consideration, every possible benefit of the doubt, until doubt is no longer possible. By this time he has killed the only eye-witness to his crime, has slugged an assortment of cops and criminals, and, in a final fray, disposed of an innocent bystander and several more police before he himself is dropped by bullets. This shooting death seems to be the prescribed end for errant cops, just as once it was the standard finale for the "Little Caesars" and the "Scarfaces" of another era. In addition to O'Brien, the heroes of "Rogue Cop," "Pushover," and "Private Hell 36" all have their problems settled by pistol fire. Of these, only Robert Taylor lives on long enough to utter a word of contrition—a concession, no doubt, to his top star rating.

The number of deaths in these films is quite startling, for the mortalities are by no means confined to heroes. At least one honest cop is invariably dispatched early in the footage. A more important honest cop—Taylor's brother in "Rogue Cop," one of the top detectives assigned to the "Pushover" case, Steve Cochran's buddy in "Private Hell 36"—is shot at a bit later on. John Agar, Edmond O'Brien's best friend in "Shield for Murder," could probably consider himself fortunate that he was merely pistolwhipped. Minor cops, fellows sent out to cover houses or shadow suspicious characters, die like flies. They barely draw their assignments before they go down in a hail of bullets. Unlike the leads—even the errant leads—these boys are not eulogized. "Killed in line of duty" is their recognition.

Why then do men become policemen? One searches in vain for a decent, creditable explanation in this current cycle. Even honest cop Joe Friday, "Dragnet's" upright law-enforcer of radio and TV fame, can sup-

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ply no inspirational motivation. As interpreted and directed by Jack Webb he is a grimly righteous man: yet, like his confrères who have turned to crime, he bemoans the low pay and long hours, the risks and inadequate rewards. He obviously derives little satisfaction from delivering up criminal types for trial, complaining bitterly that his job is unnecessarily complicated by grand-jury demands for legal proof of guilt, by the laws against wire-tap evidence (although both Webb and Robert Taylor use the wire-tap freely to keep tabs on their prey), and by the trapped criminals' recourse to the Fifth Amendment. His glib arguments for the removal of these Constitutional obstacles in the path of good policemen are alarmingly forthright and unsubtle. Even without the arguments Joe seems to be waging his war against crime with tactics that might have come directly out of gangland's own guidebook.

Whatever pleasure Joe Friday finds in his work comes from the opportunities it affords him to push people around. The concept of justice as something that holds a man innocent until proven guilty is foreign to him. He thrives on prolonged sessions in which he can—what the newspapers so graphically term—"grill" his suspects. He delights in bullyragging them, forcing one to humiliate himself by emptying his pockets a dozen times a day in public places, muscling in on their private lives at all hours. His fists are forever itching for a good fight, and the only smile that lights his saturnine face throughout the entire film comes after he has bloodied four hoodlums in a tap-room brawl. As it turns out, all of the suspects under Joe's rigorous surveillance were actually guilty. But no imaginable apology could ever excuse either his actions or his attitude had even one of them been innocent.

The image that we gain of our police and police methods from this current cycle of films is, to put it mildly, disconcerting. We must infer either that cops are underpaid and hence wide open to the soft touch and the dishonest dollar, or that they derive a certain grim satisfaction from their legal license to exercise innate sadistic propensities. Neither view is particularly reassuring—neither to the average tax-paying citizen nor to those young men who might be considering the police force as a solid, responsible, respectable career. Nor, I should imagine, to the police themselves, whose problems of law enforcement are certainly complicated enough already without the distrust and distaste that such films as these can engender. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

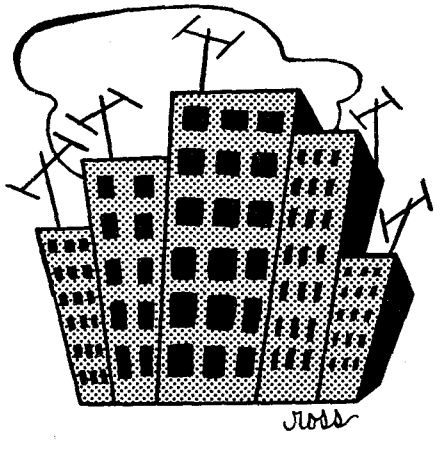
TV AND RADIO

Spectacle of Spectacles

THE NEW television season is making a spectacle of itself. Almost every Saturday, Sunday, Monday (and other days, too), whichever channel you select (chiefly NBC and CBS) between now and spring, you will be sure to see a "spectacular." None will be less than thirty minutes; the half-hour program, mainstay of TV and radio, has lost its glamour. Many spectaculars will settle for a mere hour. But the giants of the breed, the new Paul Bunyans of the tubular antennae, will bestride the airways in ninety-minute boots—in color. Most spectacularly, you will be able to see all of them in monochrome on your black-and-white set. This is a mere engineering detail; it has little bearing on the soul of the spectacle, which is the show itself.

This promises to be very spectacular, especially on NBC. CBS, like Bannister, is starting slower, perhaps planning to pass its competitor later, but for the first quarter it is permitting NBC to set the pace. It was NBC, according to its press representatives, that first dreamed the dream of the spectacular, "grandiose in its scope . . . entertainment events . . . never available before in TV on a regularly scheduled basis . . . high-budgeted coloramas designed to bring back to television the role of a conversation piece . . . a parade of talent amassed at great expense and guided by the best creative brains." No idle words! Early in the schedule are producers Max Liebman, Leland Hayward, and Otto Preminger; authors Noel Coward and Moss Hart; stars Betty Hutton and Ann Southern. Coming into ken, not yet publicly defined, are constellations of equal if not greater candlepower.

Mr. Liebman (who created "Your Show of Shows") recently chose to trigger the first of his TV thermonuclears with an original musical comedy of his own collaboration. This was an understandable error. He had properly been given the lead horse to ride in the new parade because of his former successes, and the temptation to trot out one's very own stallion is almost too great for any impresario to resist. It would have been wiser to do so. Mr. Liebman is a veteran of that wonderful American Old Vic theatrical training ground, the "borscht circuit," where Saturday-night extravaganzas are turned out regularly Monday to Friday with laudable spit and debonair audacity, enough left over for a Sunday-night revue and a campfire show. "Satins and Spurs," the vehicle which he and William Friedberg pasted together with no borscht-circuit money (1,000,000 cool dollars, according to comedian Steve Allen, who epilogued the show on the air—he may have been joking, but his figure is accurate in spirit if not in sum) was funny for about five minutes out of the ninety, and occasionally incandescent musically with songs that might have meant more in a better book.



As for the plot, which involved, loosely, a rodeo performer (Betty Hutton) in a big-city romance with a *Life* photographer (Kevin McCarthy)—even the most receptive customers in the summer casinos would most likely raise a well-fed eyebrow. One could get critically righteous at this point about spending "$1,000,000" on a thin-mintlike "Satins and Spurs" (what would *you* do if you were a TV producer with that kind of money?), but restraint is in order. The Monday-morning quarterbacks in the trade and in the columns have had their say. The target of this piece, to bracket it precisely, is the very concept "spectacular" for TV.

IT IS to be expected that Moss Hart's hit "Lady in the Dark," starring Ann Sothern, which will be NBC's next big offering, will have substantially more entertainment matter than "Satins and Spurs." So will "Tonight at 8:30," the three Noel Coward playlets which Leland Hayward will produce and Otto Preminger direct. Nevertheless, if their "spectacular" presentation is to resemble that of "Satins and Spurs" then the basic concept of the television extravaganza stands open to

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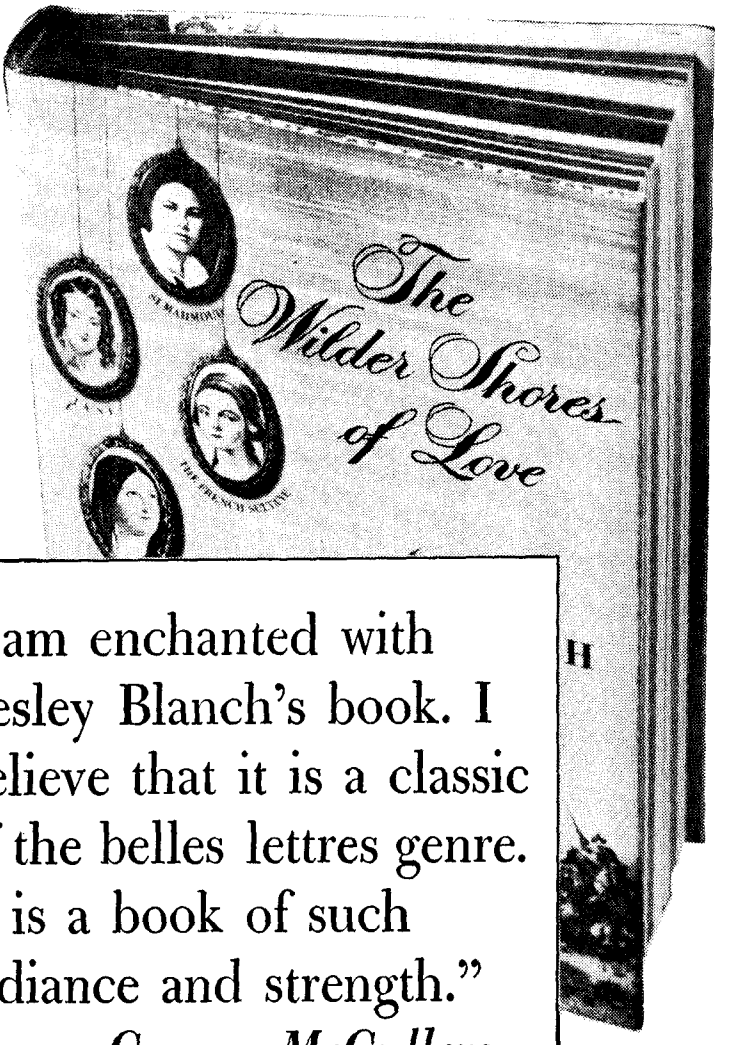
question. The very essence of the medium, its unique, indigenous quality, the cornerstone of its appeal, has been stated and accepted in terms of living-room intimacy. The success of all the big evening television hits (and mornings, too) has been built on the in-your-own-parlor ingredient: witness Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, Arthur Godfrey, "I Love Lucy," Groucho Marx, Milton Berle, etc.

"Your Show of Shows" was effective not because of the production numbers, but because of the amusing and perceptive commentaries of Mr. Caesar and Miss Coca. The first monochrome "spectacular" was the Ford Motor Company's fiftieth-anniversary show. Great talent graced the two hours. Now that it is a memory—what remains? Chiefly the recollection of Mary Martin and Ethel Merman singing a medley of popular songs in Stage One, and Miss Martin's superbly stylized pantomime on a stage empty but for a few props. For that matter, what was the high point of "Satins and Spurs"? Not a parade, a fashion show, not even a rainstorm: simply this—the old Willie Howard French lesson routine, disguised as an English speech lesson for Miss Hutton, beautifully timed and hilariously played by the star. Intimate, intimate, intimate.

For spectacle there is CinemaScope. You cannot do "The Egyptian" on TV. Where can the camera go? Also, you can pre-record your songs on the movie screen and get away with it. But on television there is no place for the out-of-breath to hide; the effect on the illusion is damaging. The concentration of excessive mass in a limited space fatigues rather than uplifts. The frame is too small, the action too big. There is no penetration, merely suffocation. In "Satins and Spurs" the producer magnified the fat of "Show of Shows" and cut out all the lean. The RCA color was beautiful, but color is just the palette, not the portrait. The "ultimate dimension" cannot of itself make the "great production."

It is ever the Achilles heel of the artist to reach for an apocalypse. The siren song is to grow, grow, outwardly not inwardly, piling on more and more of the same, seeking inspiration in the multiplication table. Freshness in television can never be a studio spectacle, unless that "studio" be a convention hall or Westminster Abbey. If the spectacular expenditure of "1,000,000" on "Satins and Spurs" results in the captains of the rainbow sharing an intimate second thought on spectacles generally—then the season's first spectacle will have been worth the money.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



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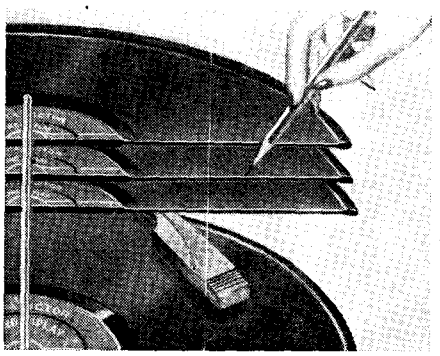

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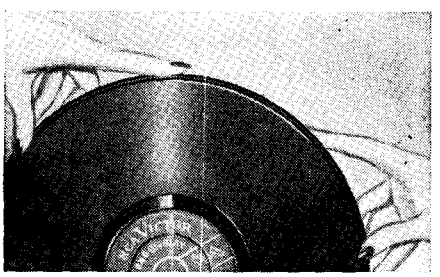

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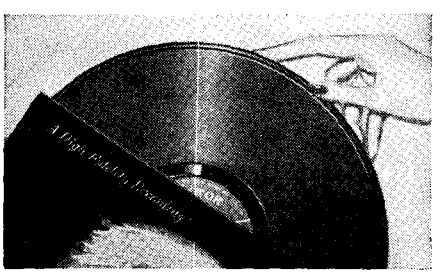

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A New Kobbé, Edited by the Earl of Harewood

FOR THE opera-minded the name of Kobbé is as significant as that of Fowler for the word-wary, or Nat Fleischer for those who dote on fisticuffs. He was a New Yorker of musical distinction, born in 1857, who was on the verge in 1918 of producing a volume titled **"The Complete Opera Book"** when he was killed in an accident. The book did appear, with a rather higher error-content than it would have had in other circumstances and has, either in cloth or more likely in a "library" edition of boards and vellum, been the handmaid of opera education to thousands.

A revised, cleaned-up edition supervised by Ferruccio Bonavia appeared just before the war, but it is only now, under the supervision of the Earl of Harewood, famed opera buff, editor of the English monthly publication called *Opera*, and active participant in the revival of British composition with Benjamin Britten as ridgepole, that a thoroughgoing updating of Kobbé's creation has been undertaken (Putnam, $10.00). This is a fat, fat volume of 1,262 pages which discusses at lesser or greater length 237 works for the stage, covering a time span from Monteverdi to Menotti.

Apparently one of the thousands whom the work of Kobbé served with utility was Harewood himself, who mentions, in a preface, his "chagrin [as a schoolboy] at finding that 'La Forza del Destino' had the barest of mentions—and it was small consolation . . . to know that it derived its exclusion from Kobbé to the accident that it was little known in America at the time the book was being written." Some future Harewood of an American orientation might, with equal justice, scorn the inclusion of fifty pages devoted to the works of Benjamin Britten (including such dubious matter as "The Rape of Lucretia," "Glorianna," and "Let's Make an Opera") due to the accident that they were well known in England at the time this volume was being written. The fact is that the present revision is, in origin, an English project "Made and Printed in Great Britain by William Clowes and Sons, Ltd," with American issuance as a by-product.

The buy-product value here would have been greater had Harewood done his work more objectively, not only in the questionable favor to such Empire composers as Dame Ethel Smyth, Rutland Boughton, and the mentioned Britten, but also in the choice of illustrations bearing heavily on Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, the English Opera Group, etc. In a period when Rudolf Bing has enlivened the theatrical atmosphere of New York with such unquestionable theatrical successes as Gerard's "Don Carlo" and "Carmen," Berman's "Rigoletto" and "Barbiere," not to mention the revival of Rychtarik's able "Alceste" decor, it is discouraging not to say ridiculous to find not one of them (or any other Metropolitan production of any date) included in a book intended to lure American dollars.

HOWEVER, this is akin to complaining about the nourishment in a fried egg because the edges are scorched. With the able assistance of Harold Rosenthal (an associate of *Opera*), Harewood has assembled a vast amount of information about almost any opera likely to be heard in this country or abroad, filling out Kobbé's formula while following the basic mode of procedure. He has, valuably, contributed comments on the whole canon of Strauss, from "Arabella" to "Schweigsame Frau," while touching up Kobbé's rather nervous valuations of "Salome" and "Rosenkavalier," also devoting informative space to various works of Milhaud, Smetana, Janecek, D'Albert, Pfitzner, Hindemith, Busoni, etc., which are not to be found in most operatic compilations.

To contest the English regard for America as one of the lesser colonial outposts is akin, in the jargon, to fighting City Hall; but it is scarcely appetizing to read, of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess"—in the prefatory historical paragraph—"In 1952 an all-Negro company set out from the States and toured with the opera through the capitals of Europe." Further on, we are informed, "Porgy will go bond for his friend Peter now in gaol." And, later, that Porgy was "gaoled for contempt of court." In a book that sells for ten American dollars it would seem that the reader should be entitled to have "jail" and "jailed" spelled according to local custom.

A tribute is in order, nevertheless, to the thoroughness of the whole enterprise, the finely flexible binding, the frequent musical illustrations, and the reasonably comprehensive index.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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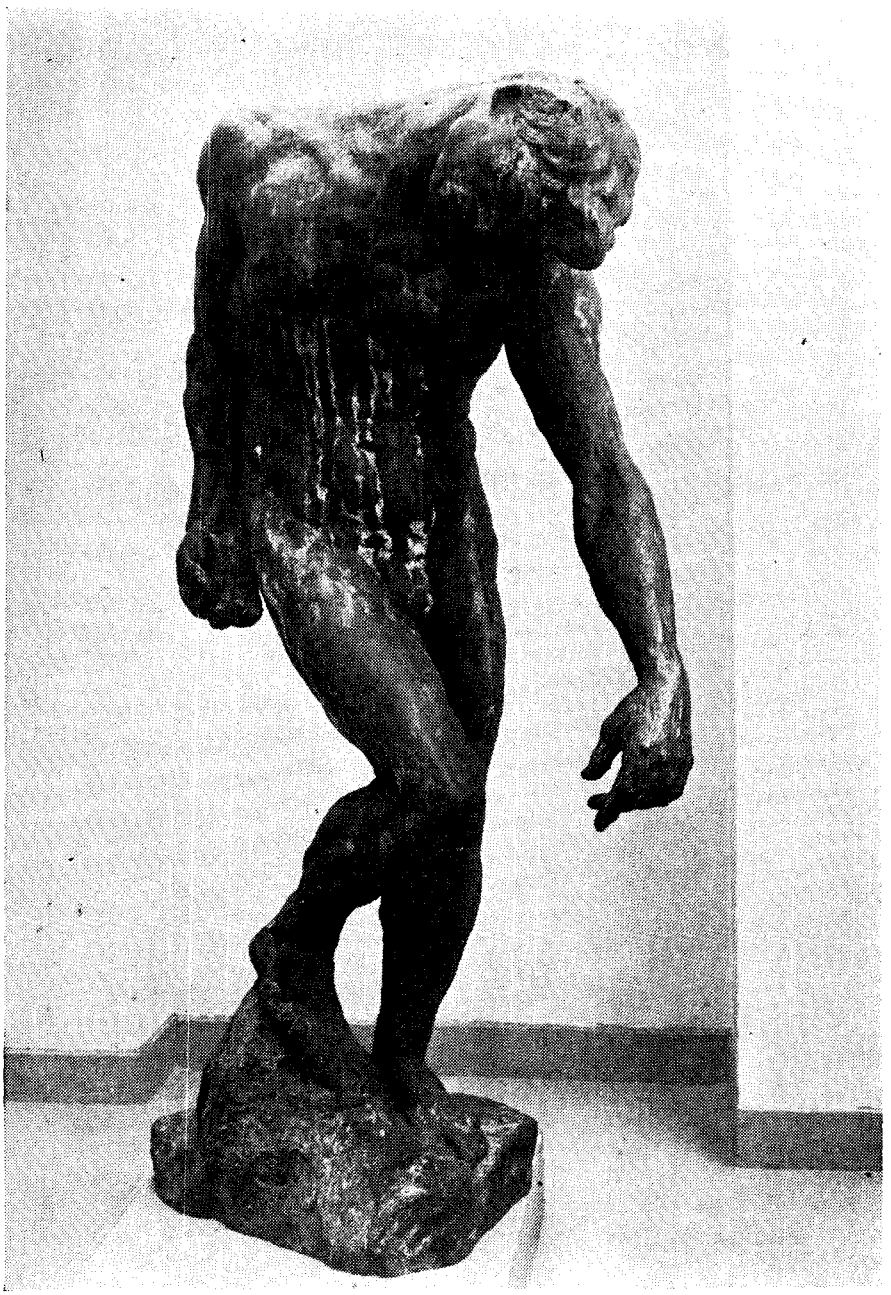
THE FINE ARTS

Death of a Valiant



"The Shade," from the top of Auguste Rodin's "Gate of Hell" (Bronze, 1880).

IN THE spring of 1937 in New York the Buchholz Gallery opened its doors with an exhibition of sculpture and drawings, chiefly by German artists of the stature of Lehmbruck, Barlach, Kolbe, and Marcks. The show announced the arrival on the American art scene of a dealer who was to devote much of his immense energy and talent to promoting an interest here in sculpture and the graphic arts. The dealer was Curt Valentin, owner and director of the Buchholz Gallery, which he later conducted under his own name. His recent death in Italy from a heart attack was one of the worst losses of a black year which has cost us the lives of many of the leading figures in the international art world.

Valentin began his career as an assistant in Paris to Henry Kahnweiler, like himself German-born and the dealer who most consistently championed the cubists during the first, difficult years of their movement. After several years in Paris Valentin returned to Berlin in 1927 and there worked for a second remarkable dealer, Alfred Flechtheim, whose taste in contemporary German and Parisian art was far more advanced than that of most of his colleagues. It was at Flechtheim's gallery in 1932 that I first met Valentin. With that fast, springy walk which many of us later came to fear in terms of his health, he hurried in and out of a room where at least a hundred of the finest Paul Klee paintings and drawings were stacked against the walls and where stood Lehmbruck's huge "Standing Youth," now one of the proudest possessions of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. I remember that Valentin showed me copies of the gallery's imaginative yearbook of the arts, entitled "Omnibus," edited by Valentin among others.

In 1937 Valentin came to this country to open his own gallery. Two of his countrymen, J. B. Neumann and the late Karl Nierendorf, were already established here as dealers. Both had done a great deal to further the reputations of the outstanding Central European artists of our time. Both were interested in publishing. Neumann's "Art Lover" was, as its subtitle declared, an anthology of this devoted dealer's wide preferences in the art of the past and the present; in 1941 Nierendorf issued a fine album on the paintings and watercolors of Klee. It is no reflection on the attainments of these men to say that their struggle for the recognition of artists whose work was then outside the range of most collectors' taste in this country was immeasurably helped by the arrival of Curt Valentin.

For Valentin was a born salesman who made almost no effort whatever to sell. He was a trusted friend of many of the top-ranking museum curators and private collectors from coast to coast. He showed these clients everything that came into his gallery —paintings, sculptures, watercolors, drawings, prints. He loathed the customary mystification of his profession. He talked frankly about prices and never attempted to bargain. His enthusiasm for the works of art that passed through his hands was utterly genuine and was not affected in degree by the question of profit involved; I have watched him on many occasions become as excited about an inexpensive print as about a major work in oil or bronze.

The basic characteristic of Valentin's taste was strength. He liked robust artists like Beckmann, Moore, Lipchitz, and Marini, among others. But he also cherished sensitivity and

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wit; I think I have never seen him more rapt than when looking at a group of Klee drawings he had just acquired. He talked little, never in jargon. He paced incessantly through the rooms of his gallery, too restless to pause for more than a few moments and eager not to distract visitors' attention from the works on the gallery walls. But his sincerity was so pronounced that those who knew him well could judge his reactions instantly. When he would pat a sculpture and murmur "marvelous" one knew that this was a man for whom art was the whole purpose of life.

AT THE end of each season it was Valentin's pleasure to send friends bound sets of the catalogues of the shows he had held during the year. By melancholy coincidence my set for 1953-54 arrived only a few days after his death. It reminded me again how distinguished and useful these catalogues are—uniform in size and containing many illustrations as well as illuminating short texts by the artists themselves or by writers qualified to know their work best. During the past season Valentin held one-man exhibitions of Klee (one of paintings and another of drawings), Marini, Picasso, Beckmann, Arp, Feininger, Rodin, and a group show of sculpture and sculptors' drawings. The list in itself is impressive. It becomes more so when one remembers how well selected and arranged the exhibitions were and how many eminent artists from the gallery's stable are missing because they had been shown a year or two before—Calder, Lipchitz, Masson, Moore, Léger, Maillol, Sutherland, and Piper, among others.

An indefatigable traveler, Valentin flew to Europe several times each year to visit the foreign artists he represented. He was one of the first to appreciate the resurgence of creative activity in postwar England, from which country Moore, Sutherland, and Piper were regulars on his exhibition schedule. He loved Italy, where the sculpture of Marino Marini was one of his fervent enthusiasms and where, just before his death, he was assembling an exhibition of paintings by the quiet master Giorgio Morandi. There can be no doubt that soon he would have held a show of younger German artists, considering his lifelong veneration for earlier stalwarts like Beckmann, Kirchner, and Klee. He was steadily on the lookout for American painters and sculptors of promise, and many of these were included in his exhibition of newcomers held last year. He was unreserved in his admiration for certain native artists like Ben Shahn who were represented by

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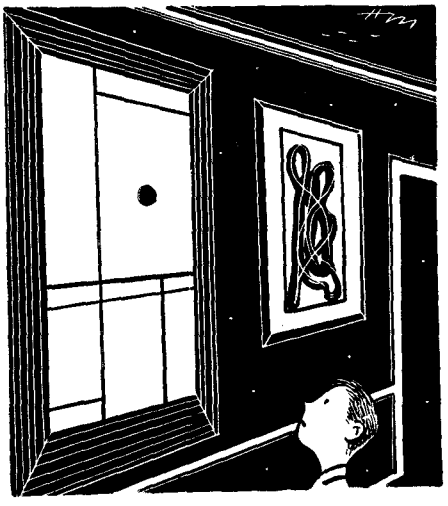
other galleries. He did not handle the School of Paris as an entity, but Juan Gris he championed always, Miro he esteemed, and Picasso he praised on every possible occasion.

For him art transcended questions of nationality. I remember him once shaking his head and asking: "How can anyone buy *only* American or *only* French or *only* Chinese pictures. I like to see what art is, before even asking where it came from."

NOT only did Valentin choose his artists with exceptional perceptivity, but he was courageous in exhibiting work which had temporarily become unfashionable. His Rodin show this past season was a case in point. Many people had come to think of Rodin as outmoded by more recent developments in sculpture. Valentin showed him as a vital precursor of these developments, and selected the exhibition with such acumen that many of us felt we were seeing the great French master for the first time. Similarly, he rescued Lovis Corinth's paintings from semi-oblivion (in America at least). His exhibition of Matisse's sculpture made clear that this world-famous painter has also been one of the most forceful and inventive sculptors of our century.

There is no space here to deal at length with the many art books published by Valentin over the years, often when he could ill afford to invest so much money in the impeccable printing of texts and plates on which he insisted. But these publications are respected and treasured throughout the civilized world. Their existence is one more proof of Valentin's taste, devotion, and energy. And all his many attainments aside, he was in himself an unforgettable human being—loyal, direct, gay, and kind, a man to whom the word "lovable" applies with all its original meaning and force.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



The Beauty in Tools

"Art and Industry," by Herbert Read *(Horizon Press. 239 pp. $6), an amply illustrated volume, offers the considered views on the implications of daily art to daily life of a distinguished British critic who has been considering the matter for more than three decades. Here it is reviewed by Martin James, member of the design department of Brooklyn College.*

By Martin James

HOW reassuring to be able to quote oneself on as many issues as Sir Herbert Read can after some thirty years of looking at art in its daily implications! In "Art and Industry," published in 1934 and now revised and generously reillustrated, he can flashback to "Art Now," "Education Through Art," "Grassroots of Art," and "The Philosophy of Modern Art." If it remains the classical introduction to the subject, it is that Mr. Read in England, like Lewis Mumford here or Siegfried Giedion in Switzerland, views esthetic events in their historical meaning and in the many-faceted light of our century's quests.

The grandeur and misery of which our worldly goods are susceptible form a problem of human bondage that has lodged with us these several generations past: industrial man is born unto beauty, but dwells everywhere in ugliness. Since 1850, from the eloquent Ruskin to the admonitory William Morris to the explosive Frank Lloyd Wright, a line of "reformers" and "prophets" have tried to set the world aright, until even the middlebrow common man waves the banner of pure design.

Much trouble, Mr. Read finds, comes of two false antinomies: the first, Fine Art versus Applied Art, began with the birth of easel painting in the Renaissance, when the artist came to see himself as a humanist and to lord it over the humble craftsman. The second, Machine Art versus Handicraft, came about with the Industrial Revolution. The difference lies in "one man using a tool with his hands and producing an object that shows at every stage the direction of his will and the impression of his personality; and a machine which is producing, without the intervention of a particular man, objects of a uniformity and precision that show no individual variation and have no personal charm." Do serially made objects lack the esthetic qualities of the custom made? Mr. Read demonstrates they do not: "every tool is a machine . . . and every machine is a tool."

From the first, however, "Fine Art" was used to veil the mass-produced object's purity and mask its anonymity. The industrial genius Josiah Wedgwood, born as early as 1730, in his own lifetime converted a peasant craft into an industrial manufacture. He was the first potter to "think out forms which would be thoroughly well suited to their purpose and at the same time capable of duplication with precision in unlimited quantities." (Of Goethe, Novalis said: "His works are like the Englishman's wares —extremely simple, neat, convenient, and durable.") Yet Wedgwood was to allow the classicizing painter John Flaxman to design "ornamental" wares in imitation of Greek pottery—which in turn relied somewhat heavily on painters for surface and on costlier examples in metal for its forms.

When what Giedion calls "Mechanized Adornment" blossomed in the 1830s Parliament met the challenge of foreign competition by injecting the public with massive doses of Fine Art via museums, schools, and examinations, forming a taste in the humanist tradition, but alien to the abstract character of useful objects.

EVERY well-designed article that leaves a factory, Mr. Read maintains, is designed by an abstract artist, whether its creator thinks of himself as such or not. Rapidly, but informatively, he surveys the industrial arts by *materials* (inorganic: pottery, glass and metals; organic: wood and leather), by *mode of working* (molding, casting, blowing, weaving), and by *function of the object.* Thus when clay or glass are formed into utensils the geometric norm for the vase is a hollow sphere; halved to admit the hand it becomes a bowl; quartered and provided with a horizontal plane it is the dish or plate. Handle and spout, foot and rim are further elements of balance, rhythm, and accent. "Such analysis may seem elementary, but it is only by realizing the essential elements in form that we arrive at the beauty of its variations."

Mr. Read covers briefly the fas-

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cinating topic of ornament. From William James comes his "psychological necessity of ornament"—the eye's search for a resting place, the irresistible speck on the blank page. Mr. Read's explanations have an objectivity not found among one-sided friends of abstract art, and he makes up in conciseness what he lacks in completeness.

Education, which by consensus ought to cultivate the whole man, remains today closely bound up with the "intellectual" and the verbal, with listening and writing as against doing and feeling. "Like having tea with a dog," is how one of Margaret Anderson's friends describes the conversation of two-dimensional people —except that the dog's senses are more alert than ours. In art education we have a chance to help the individual explore his sensorium, the external world and living experience. Some children do have contact with free art activity which Mr. Read elsewhere expounds, or the activity he predicates here: play with texture and construction, or discoveries in structure ("the form of a pear and an eighteenth-century coffeepot . . . a flower stem and an architectural column"). How many others sit through classes "in Drawling, Stretching, Fainting in Coils" which "not one boy in a million will ever practise with profit or distinction!"

Let us then, with Mr. Read, "look forward to some division of our human and social activities which should ensure a due proportion of time to manual craftsmanship . . . Creative arts of every kind should be made the basis of our educational system . . . then we need not fear the fate of those children in a wholly mechanized world." Creative arts of every kind were practised at the Bauhaus, which set out to tear down the barrier between the school and the factory, and which Mr. Read correctly calls "the greatest experiment in esthetic education yet undertaken." Its impact is marked on some American campuses which are committed to reconcile general and technical education and give the arts a meaningful place in the curriculum. But its implications transcend the arts. Educators concerned with these problems will do well to acquaint themselves with trends such as Mr. Read voices. For he, and we, know that only a unitary approach will develop the whole man: "In the end we shall find that the fundamental factor in all these problems is a philosophy of life. The problem of good and bad art, of a right and wrong system of education, of a just and an unjust social structure, is in the end one and the same problem."

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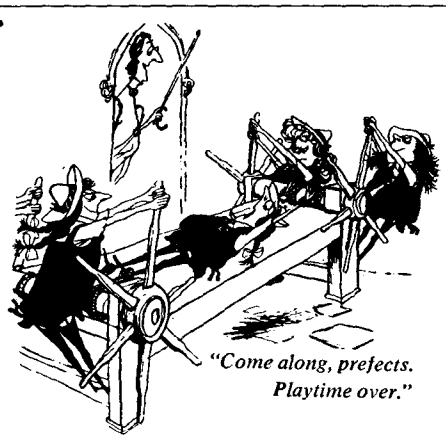

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The New Pioneers

***"The Modern Renaissance in American Art," by Ralph M. Pearson** (Harper. 300 pp. $6.50), is an account of fifty-four artists and their work written by a man who has long been a personal and enthusiastic devotee to modern art. Here it is reviewed by Robert Goldwater, head of the fine arts department at Queens College, New York.*

By Robert Goldwater

WITH too few people writing about contemporary painting and sculpture, one must admire Ralph M. Pearson's long devotion to modern art in this country. With so few writers willing to record an enthusiastic, partisan personal taste, one must welcome his combative spirit and defiant exposition of one man's preferences. With too many critics analyzing from a distance, one must approve Mr. Pearson's old acquaintance and frequent friendship and dedication to the artists he presents. He writes as someone who likes artists and enjoys art, and who does his utmost to allow them to speak for themselves. "Everyone gets a hearing," he says, "except the one central authority whose knowledge is based on experience—the artist who produces the art." In his new book, "The Modern Renaissance in Modern Art," he has given fifty-four artists a chance to speak for themselves, with their pictures and their words, and has stepped in only to relieve their reticence.

And yet this is a difficult book to understand. Publisher's hyperbole may perhaps explain its title. "The Modern Renaissance in American Art" implies a coherent, considered account of the tremendous expansion of, and interest in, our own painting and sculpture during the last decades. Qualitatively and quantitatively, esthetically and sociologically, from the points of view of both artist and audience, this is a fascinating occurrence. And its history, written by someone like Mr. Pearson, who has for years been a part of it (and written as personally and unobjectively as he likes), would make wonderful reading. Instead, we get a selection of what the jacket describes as "fifty-four distinguished artists," whose "work and philosophy" is recounted in a series of short sketches, grouped under three main headings: Expressionists; Abstraction—Non-Objective; Realism-Surrealism. Even with the author's introductions, conclusions, and comments, his prefatory remarks upon the importance of plastic values and creative design, this is no story of a renaissance.

Avowedly uninterested in the connected historical approach, Mr. Pearson has written another kind of book, and with this can there be no quarrel. His personal and intimate presentation has great advantages in warmth and directions, and it admirably conveys Mr. Pearson's real concern for art, besides allowing some of the artists to say interesting things about themselves and their work. But such a book must, as he says, stand or fall upon the author's personal taste and judgment and his ability to convince us of the coherence and quality of the standards upon which they rest. Here is the difficulty. Mr. Pearson's tastes are catholic, and this is all to the good, provided quality is always observed. So too are personal discoveries, if they can be justified. But after noting the wide variety of his inclusions, how explain his omission of figures who are at least as distinguished members of our "renaissance" as many whom he cites. Mr. Pearson likes realism, but among many lesser lights, forgets Edward Hopper. He mentions imaginative naturalism but omits Loren MacIver. He heartily approves of cubism and its offshoots, including Stuart Davis and McFee, but omits Niles Spencer, Tomlin, Vytlacil, and Gatch. He endorses expressionism with such outstanding artists as Beckmann and George Grosz, but leaves out Hyman Bloom, Roszak, and Jacques Lipschitz. Though he has little sympathy for pure abstraction, he does admit Albers, Rice Pereira, and Calder, but fails to mention Glarner, Noguchi, or Gorky.

In short, the author's standards of judgment are difficult, if not impossible, to follow. He puts much emphasis on "created design" as a touchstone, but includes artists whose main interest is in anecdotal narrative; he stresses "meaning" but gives his blessing to many a mannered exercise in a derivative style. Given his shifting grounds of judgment, given the title of his book, and given his desire to let each artist have his say, Mr. Pearson's wholesale dismissal of the tendencies of the last decade is incomprehensible. His almost uncontrolled hatred for the movement that has come to be known as "abstract expressionism" is in direct contradiction to his great indulgence for all other directions. De Kooning, Pollock, and many others less famous have constituted the vital movement of the last ten years, and are surely essential in any discussion of a renaissance in our art. It is, besides, unfair, on Mr. Pearson's own premises, to use the words of critics to condemn these artists, instead of allowing them to speak for themselves.

My Thanks

Continued from page 16

First and then again during the Second World War taught me, as a temporary civil servant, two lessons that I have found invaluable for an historian.

The first lesson is that the acquisition of information is, not an end in itself, but only a means to the end of taking action. In the service of a government or any other institution the action which is the purpose of the acquisition of information is, of course, action of the "practical" kind; but the golden rule which I had learnt in the Foreign Office from the business of acquiring information for use in such "practical" action proved to apply with equal force to an historian's work. Action taken on any plane will be in danger of going wrong if it is not taken in the light of the truth and of nothing but the truth; but it will be in equal danger of getting nowhere if it is not also taken in the light of no more of the truth than the minimum that is relevant to the particular piece of action that is on the current agenda.

JOHN STUART MILL, in his "Autobiography," taught me to keep my mind fresh by alternating, on some regular rhythm, between different kinds of intellectual work. Between the wars I used to write the Chatham House Survey of International Affairs in the winter and spring in London and "A Study of History" in the summer and autumn in Yorkshire. In writing Parts VI-XIII of "A Study of History" since July 1, 1947 I have been able—thanks to the generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation of New York in making it possible for Chatham House to release my time to the necessary extent—to follow a daily cycle in London, working at home in the mornings and at Chatham House in the afternoons. The shorter the wave of this alternating rhythm of intellectual work, the longer, in my experience, is the time for which it is possible to go on working continuously on a long task without the mental engine's "seizing."

PLATO TAUGHT me not to be ashamed of using my imagination as well as my intellect. He taught me, when, in a mental voyage, I found myself at the upper limit of the atmosphere accessible to the Reason, not to hesitate to let my imagination carry me on up into the stratosphere on the wings of a myth. In never being either too proud or too timid to take to a myth for the sake of reconnoitring regions of the Spiritual Universe beyond the Reason's range, Plato was showing

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both the humility and the audacity of a great mind, and this Hellenic philosopher's example fortified me in an adverse Western mental environment in which I did not find any outstanding contemporary good example to follow.

LIONEL CURTIS taught me, by example, a method of production and an attitude of mind which I have found, by experience, to be a sovereign help in dealing with difficult and, above all, with controversial subjects. He taught me that, in the writing of a book, as in every other human activity, the worst of all vices is the *hybris* that is the nemesis of self-conceit. An author is convicting himself of being past praying for if ever he allows the Old Adam in him to close his mind to a suggestion for some modification of his first draft by answering "What I have written I have written." An author had better retire from business if he has not the humility to conceive of the possibility that, after all, he may be mistaken, and if he has not also the common sense to see, in the living authorities on his subject, not critics to be combated after publication, but mentors to be consulted before it, at a stage when it is still not too late to profit by this fruitfully chastening strictures. Taking my cue from Lionel Curtis, I have learnt to put my work through two stages when a controversial subject is on my agenda. The first stage is to produce as good a draft as I can manage out of my own resources. The second stage is to circulate this draft to a number of authorities who have divers experience, knowledge, standpoints, and feelings, and then to rewrite the passage in the light of their comments on the first draft. The first stage is indispensable because a draft is apt to draw comment—in contrast to a questionnaire, which is apt to find its way into a pigeon-hole, if not into the wastepaper basket. But this first stage is merely a prelude to the second, which is the fruitful one. The process of rewriting in the light of comments is fruitful because of a synoptic vision of his subject which is not attainable by a single pair of eyes. This method of taking counsel's opinion does not, of course, dispense the author from the responsibility of eventually taking a line of his own and staking his head on this. But it does put it in his power to give himself the best chance open to him of being of some service to his readers.

VI. TO PEOPLE AND BOOKS, FOR TEACHING ME METHODS OF LITERARY PRESENTATION

THEODOR MOMMSEN, in "The History of the Roman Republic," which I read in my Aunt Gertrude Toynbee's copy of the English translation during the summer of A. D. 1907, between leaving

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TOYNBEE ON HUMAN NATURE: "[By 1921] the writer had made an empirical discovery of the truth that Human Nature is nowhere and never proof—not even in the communities that have traveled the farthest along the road towards Civilization—against the temptation to commit inhuman atrocities. There will always and everywhere be a point at which the mounting pressure of this temptation will burst the precarious dam within which social habit imprisons the floodwaters of Original Sin."

school and going up to the University, taught me that an historical work was a better presentation of history for being also a work of art.

ARISTOTLE taught me his method, of which he makes a masterly use in the "Politics," of illustrating general propositions about human affairs by recounting apposite historical anecdotes.

I AM THANKFUL for the personal good fortune of having been born just not too late in the day to receive an old-fashioned English humane education in the Classics and in the Bible. Enough of the language of the Authorized Version of the Bible has lodged itself in my memory, through having repeatedly come to my ears in the lessons read in church, to bring into my mind, when I am writing, a flow of phrases, or reminiscences of phrases, from the Scriptures.

F. M. CORNFORD, in his "Thucydides Mythistoricus," taught me to indicate, by the use of an abstract noun with its initial letter printed as a capital, the presence of one of those psychic principalities and powers—"The Tragic Passions," as Cornford calls them—for which there are no proper names in the sterilized vocabulary of a rationalist latter-day Western Society. Hilm and Aidos, Civilization and Democracy and Industrialism, Archaism and Futurism, Time and Space, Law and Fortune are a few examples, taken at random. This usage has, of course, its own drawback. On the analogy of personal names, it might be misinterpreted as conveying the false, and unintended, suggestion that these presences are personalities, when the truth is that they are non-personal emanations from a subconscious abyss of the Psyche that is the matrix of personalities as well. Yet a usage suggesting personification is at any rate less misleading than one suggesting that these entities are abstractions—as would be implied by printing the initial letters of the corresponding English words in lower-case type—for, though they are not personalities they are charges of psychic energy that have power to work weal and woe in Human affairs, and the lack of proper names for them in a latter-day Western vocabulary betrays a tell-tale lacuna in modern Western thought and imagination and feeling. There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in Horatio's Western philosophy.

IN LOOKING ON at a Japanese puppet show at Osaka one afternoon in November 1929, I duly found, as I had been assured beforehand that I should find, it possible to entertain the illusion that the puppets were animated by an autonomous life of their own, although the human artists manipulating them were in full view of the spectators. An artistic effect which, in the West, would have been produced by the artifice of keeping the manipulators out of sight, was produced in Japan by their artistry in keeping themselves out of mind notwithstanding their visibility. The Japanese manipulators achieved this *tour de force* of managing to deflect the spectators' attention away from themselves and on to their puppets by making their own movements appear lifeless and their own countenances impassive.

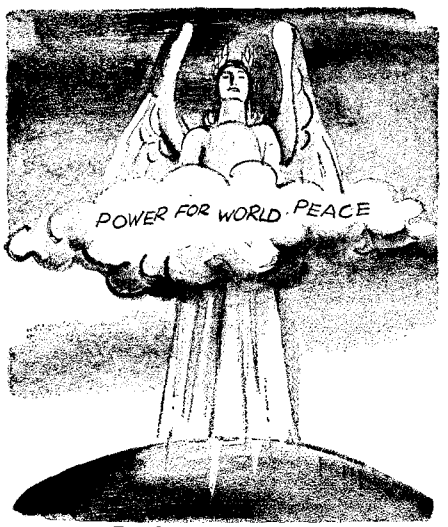
VII. TO PEOPLE, MONUMENTS, APPARATUS, PICTURES, BOOKS, AND EVENTS, FOR GIVING ME INTUITIONS AND IDEAS

ROBERT BROWNING presented me with the phrase "Challenge and Response." I had flattered myself that this phrase was of my own coinage till, more than ten years after I had first put it on paper, I came upon it in the fourth stanza of Browning's "Master Hughes of Saxe Gotha":

> —O you may challenge them, not a response
> Get the church-saints on their rounds!

The collocation of the two words must have lain submerged on some subconscious level of my mind for about a quarter of a century since the Christmas holidays of A.D. 1905-06, when I had first read the poem with my

TOYNBEE ON HISTORY: "What do we mean by History? The writer would reply that he meant by History a vision—dim and partial, yet (he believed) true to reality as far as it went—of God revealing Himself in action to souls that were sincerely seeking Him."



—*Burck in* The Chicago Sun-Times.

"Redemption"

Mother. When I fancied that I was inventing it I was only hauling it up from the hold of my memory.

ALFRED ZIMMERN taught me, eight years before the publication of Benedetto Croce's "Teoria e Storia della Storiografia" in A.D. 1917, that "all true history is contemporary history." I learnt this from the intellectual ferment raised in my mind in New College hall in the summer term of A.D. 1909 as I listened to AEZ delivering a course of introductory lectures on Hellenic history, for undergraduates starting to read "Litterae Humaniores," which was the matrix of "The Greek Commonwealth." As I sat listening to those catalytic words the conventional partitions between "Past" and "Present" and between "ancient" and "modern" dissolved out of my mind and have never since returned to hamper it.

POLYBIUS, in his "Oecumenical History" (Book I, chapter 4), gave me my marching orders in his dicta that "the coincidence by which all the transactions of the World have been oriented in a single direction and guided towards a single goal in the extraordinary characteristic of the present age"; "the unity of events imposes upon the historian a similar unity of composition"; "the study of general contacts and relations and of general resemblances and differences is the only avenue to a general perspective, without which neither profit nor pleasure can be extracted from historical research."

THE WESTERN GENERAL WAR of A.D. 1914-18 ("World War I") opened my eyes to the historical and at the same time philosophic truth that my world in my generation was entering upon experiences which Thucydides,

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in his world in his generation, had already registered and recorded.

J. B. Bury, in "A History of the Later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene," not only revealed to me the existence of the Orthodox Christian Civilization, but showed me the spectacle of one civilization changing into another under the lens of the historian's magnifying glass.

Heine's "Reisebilder" and Goethe's "Faust," which I read at Winchester, opened up two new worlds to me. The "Reisebilder" gave me an inside view of Napoleon's Empire; "Faust" gave me an insight into the good of Evil. I have been perpetually grateful to E. J. Turner ("the Hopper") for introducing me to these German works of Western literary art with an enthusiasm for them that was infectious because it was the offspring of understanding.

The Gospels and Herodotus made me aware of the divine irony in human affairs; the most tremendous of all the lessons of history.

The Authorized Version of the Bible, made in the reign of King James I, gives me whenever I read it or hear it being read an intimation of the divine presence informing our fragment of a mysterious Universe. The effect of a diction that is archaic yet at the same time familiar is more like that of music than like that of ordinary speech. It pierces through the Intellect and plays directly upon the Heart.

"Paradise Lost," when I discovered it and devoured it in three days before I was eight years old, instilled into my mind, without my understanding it, my first idea of a theodicy.

VIII. TO PEOPLE AND INSTITUTIONS, FOR SHOWING KINDNESS TO ME

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." William of Wykeham gave me my education; and he had made this provision for me 507 years before I was elected a scholar of his College of Saint Mary de Winton prope Winton. Here was a man who had served God by making himself a minister of God's providence. *Fui et ego puer Wiccami,* and, like other sons of his, I feel towards our Founder a direct personal gratitude and affection which could not, I believe, have been warmer if I had known him in the flesh, instead of being born, as I was, 485 years after his death. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God," and Time has no power to put distance between them and their adopted children.

The Council on Foreign Relations in New York held in safekeeping for me, from before Munich week until after VJ-Day, my notes for Parts VI-XIII of my book and the notebooks in which I had put down the gist of my reading during the previous twenty years. This act of kindness gave me many times over during the Second World War the consolation of feeling *non omnis moriar.*

The Rockefeller Foundation of New York made it possible for me, after an eight-years-long interruption, to write the first draft of Parts VI-XIII of this book within the four years beginning on July 1, 1947, and to send these four volumes to press in the second half of the year 1952, by providing the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London with the financial means for releasing a substantial part of my time by reinforcing the staff of the department producing their Survey of International Affairs, which had had to be taken up again, after the war, with eight years (and these no ordinary years) of arrears to make good. More than this, the Foundation made it financially possible for my wife and me to accept invitations from the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton to pay periodical visits there which have been invaluable to us for making progress in our work.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 589

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 589 will be found in the next issue.

WUATG AIL MNUHLF AZTLM

AN RGLPZ AIL KLURL, IL

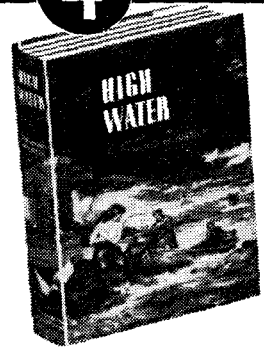
AINWJIA ITVBLGK P MLLZ.

—PZAIWZ JWTALZVPU.

Answer to No. 588

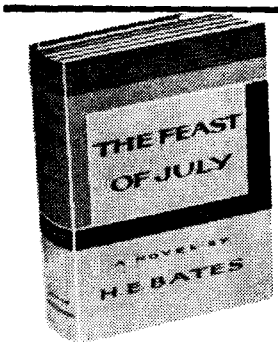
If a child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair. If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush on the other end of the child.—Unknown.

4 TO ENJOY



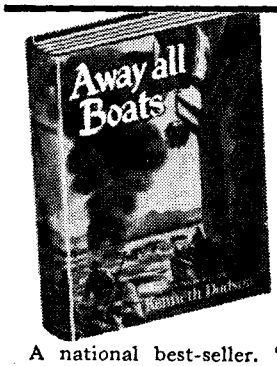
HIGH WATER*
Richard Bissell

Just published. By the author of A Stretch on the River and 7½ Cents (The Pajama Game). $3.75



THE FEAST OF JULY*
H. E. Bates

"An extraordinary tale of three brothers and of their love for a girl whose lover has betrayed her."—*Harper's.* "Richly dramatic."
—*Saturday Review.* $3.50



AWAY ALL BOATS
Kenneth Dodson

A national best-seller. "One of the great sea stories of all time."
—Carl Sandburg. $3.95

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE
Peter De Vries

"An unqualified delight. One of the funniest novels of any season."—*Saturday Review.* "Nothing as entrancing has come my way since The Catcher in the Rye."
—Charles Rolo. $3.50

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SR's Critics Poll for Fall

Continued from page 21

in it by the wife of the man who helped bring about the first self-sustaining chain reaction. (Babcock, Kogan.)

BOHEMIAN BRIGADE. *By Louis M. Starr. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
An all-embracing account of the first full-fledged war correspondents, those of the Civil War, and of their trials, tribulations, affairs with great men (including hitherto unknown quotes from Lincoln) and of their writings and their part in the shift from editorial to reportorial journalism, thereby bringing about the beginnings of modern newspaperdom. (Kogan, O'Neill.)

DANTE ALIGHIERI: THE INFERNO. *Translated by John Ciardi. Rutgers University Press. Clothbound,* $4.50. *New American Library. Paperbound,* 50¢.
A new rendering into English, by a talented American poet, of the Italian classic. (Smith, Tinkle.)

FROM AN ANTIQUE LAND. *By Julian Huxley. Crown Publishers.* $6.
Mr. Huxley makes use of his scientific know-how to inquire into the ancient and modern civilizations of the Middle East and to share his experiences with his readers and to express some opinions about all this. (Snajdr, Yeiser.)

GLORY, GOD, AND GOLD: *A Narrative History. By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday & Co.* $6.
A history-bookful of the Southwest encompassing just about all there is to know in that area of conquistadores and Indians, the French and Mexicans and Texans, and of buffalo, oil, and atomic energy. The second book in the Mainstream of America Series, the first of which was Stewart Holbrook's "The Age of the Moguls." (Flowers, Smith.)

THE GOLDEN HORIZON. *Edited by Cyril Connolly. British Book Centre.* $5.50.
A wheelbarrowful of poems, stories, reminiscences, and critical essays from the late, much-lamented English magazine, which Mr. Connolly founded and shepherded from 1939 to 1950. (Emmart, Hass.)

HIGHER THAN THE SKY. *By Frances Cranmer Greenman. Harper & Bros.* $4.
The personal experiences of a portrait painter who met a lot of major and minor names and relished each one. (Flowers, John K. Sherman.)

THE MAN IN THE THICK LEAD SUIT. *By Daniel Lang. Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A collection of reports, originally published in *The New Yorker*, about atom bomb explosions, atomic scientists, the places atom project workers live, as well as some words on uranium prospecting in Colorado, and on flying saucers. (Hormel, Jackson.)

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE. *By Arthur Tuckerman. The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
A kind of autobiography which tells of the author's experiences as an American pupil in an English public school, a French school, and as a law student at Oxford. In between were trips with his father to Wiesbaden, Egypt, Switzerland. The time is before and during the First World War. (Cady, Shockley.)

REBEL ROSE. *By Ishbel Ross. Harper & Bros.* $4.
The biography of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, perhaps the most glamorous and certainly the most dangerous woman spy in the service of the American Confederacy. (Douglas, Shockley.)

THE REMARKABLE MR. JEROME. *By Anita Leslie. Henry Holt & Co.* $4.
All about the remarkable Mr. Jerome and the remarkable Mrs. Jerome, who were the American grandparents of Winston Churchill, and how they managed (with the help of charm and a bank balance) to make their way into European society and assure their daughters of spectacular marriages and themselves of at least one famous grandson—whose first cousin (once removed) tells the story. (Hormel, Jackson.)

THE TREASON OF THE PEOPLE. *By Ferdinand Lundberg. Harper & Bros.* $4.50.
Mr. Lundberg argues that the trouble with democracy is the nature of the people themselves. (Kogan, Snajdr.)

WHERE LAND MEETS SEA: *The Tideline of Cape Cod. By Clare Leighton. Rinehart & Co.* $4.
An evocation, done in moonwhites and fog grays, of the daily life of Cape Cod: the berry man, the sea-voiced fishermen, shipwreck, the dying away of the hand-carved oldtimers, the wash of the seasons. (Douglas, Hass.)

ONE VOTE

THE AGE OF CONFORMITY. *By Alan Valentine. Henry Regnery Co.* $3.
A brickbat at the slough of mediocrity into which the country has fallen, ranging from our worship of machines to the salesman's criterion of art. Mr. Valentine pleads for some absolute—instead of salable—standards. (Smith.)

THE AGE OF EXTRAVAGANCE: *An Edwardian Reader. Edited by Mary Elisabeth Edes and Dudley Frasier. Rinehart & Co.* $5.
A compendium of the writings of some erst and other while Edwardians about themselves and other Edwardians. The writers: Sir Osbert Sitwell, Virginia Woolf, Ellen Glasgow, Henry Seidel Canby, and others. (Dolbier.)

BACK OF HISTORY. *By William Howells. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
A warm, leisurely history that runs from his raw-meat beginnings to his present at Pavillon of the oddest creature in the world—Man. (Cady.)

THE BENCHLEY ROUNDUP. *Edited by Nathaniel Benchley. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
Manna directly from above, this is a collection of about ninety pieces written by one of the great masters of fun between the years 1915 and 1945. There is a foreword by a son, who, in his own right, is turning into a relishable humorist. (Kogan.)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND A RISING PEOPLE. *By Verner W. Crane. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
A short, critical biography of a fascinatingly many-sided American. (McManis.)

BLACK POWER. *By Richard Wright. Harper & Bros.* $4.
An intensely personal look at the troubles of Africa's Gold Coast and the author's fascinations, revulsions, doubts, and convictions, all brought back by Mr. Wright after a trip he took there. (Kogan.)

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE. *By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $2.75.
Some of the dry, spacious dynamite Mr. Davis has been planting these many years in the minds of the narrow, the reactionary, the isolated. Based on a series of articles and speeches published and delivered in the past year or two. (McManis.)

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY. *By Ben Hecht. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
The fillipping autobiography of an all-around laureate, who, in his fifty-five years, has made money writing plays, novels, short stories, television dramas, and movies, and whose travels have taken him from Racine to Germany to Florida to Hollywood to Chicago. (Kogan.)

THE CLASSIC ANTHOLOGY DEFINED BY CONFUCIUS. *Translated by Ezra Pound. Harvard University Press.* $5.
A translation of a group of early Chinese odes and ballads that were first chosen from some three thousand of the same in the year 484 B. C. by Confucius. (Emmart.)

COLETTE: *A Provincial in Paris. By Margaret Crosland. British Book Centre.* $3.50.
A biography of the distinguished French writer who died on Aug. 3. (John K. Sherman.)

THE CREATIVE ELEMENT. *By Stephen Spender. British Book Centre.* $3.25.
Mr. Spender takes advantage of his own poetic insights to look at the poetry of a few of his contemporaries—among them Yeats, Eliot, and Auden—and to examine their beliefs and despairs in the light of today. (Tinkle.)

A DANGEROUS FREEDOM. *By Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.95.
A sociological treatise by the author of "Bradford of Plymouth." In this one Mr. Smith takes up the basic motives of American civilization and builds an argument in favor of the principle of what he calls "voluntary associations"—among which he lists the mutual aid without which frontiersmen could not have survived and the desires of Americans to become joiners—as opposed to rugged individualism. (Bond.)

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH. *By Christopher Fry. Oxford University Press.* $2.75.
A new play about an infinitely compassionate countess who risks her life and the lives of all around her to save an infinitely self-destructive man. The play will be performed on Broadway this fall with Katharine Cornell playing the role created by Edith Evans in London. (Little.)

DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. *Recorded by Lucien Price. Little, Brown.* $5.
A volume of conversations overheard at the home of the distinguished Harvard mathematician-philosopher during the last and most fruitful years of his life. (Little.)

THE DIMINISHED MIND. *By Mortimer Smith. Henry Regnery Co.* $2.75.
A very vocal critic of progressive methods of education gets off a few beefs, a few punches, and a few admonitions against the schools of today. (Cady.)

DOCTOR TO THE ISLANDS. *By Tom and Lydia Davis. Little, Brown & Co.* $4.50.
A report by a young physician and his wife on their efforts to raise health and living standards in Rarotonga, a romantic South Sea island. (Bond.)

THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN. *By Antonina Vallentin. Translated by Moura Budberg. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A full-length portrait of one of the great men of our times, written by a friend. (O'Neill.)

THE GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS. *Edited by Gordon S. Haight. Vol. I: 1836-1851. Vol. II: 1852-1858. Vol. III: 1859-1861. Yale University Press.* $20.
The first three volumes of a total six to come in which a finely tempered Victorian novelist reveals herself, her life, and her work. (Wyllie.)

The Critics

THIS is the sixth fall *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-six editors participating in this season's poll are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Evening Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEANE HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Dispatch*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDON SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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FIFTY CENTURIES OF ART. *By Francis Henry Taylor. Harper & Bros.* $5.
The director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art assembles into one book in full color for the first time masterpieces (342 in all) ranging from Egyptian to modern times and, following the illustrations closely, subsequent periods. (Tinkle.)

FOUR CONTINENTS. *By Osbert Sitwell. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A volume of rambling observations on life as seen by a distinguished literary artist from a hotel in Amalfi and from other spots in the Old World and New. (Yeiser.)

THE FREEDOM OF DOUBT. *By E. A. Preyre. Pantheon Books.* $2.75.
Or "The Reflections of a Natural Sceptic," a philosophical journal in which M. Preyre, who seems like a doubter to outdoubt all the doubting Thomases, has assembled twenty years of his unhurried skepticisms which have finally led him to a oneness with his God. (Emmart.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: *Patriot & President. Vol. VI. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $7.50.
The last of Dr. Freeman's monumental opus, all finished and edited before he died last summer. It takes Washington up to the age of sixty-one, after which he lived only six more years. In this volume Washington travels into Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the South, reluctantly becomes the country's first President and faces all the crises which the job presented. (John K. Sherman.)

THE GOLDEN ANGEL. *By Elliott Coleman. Coley Taylor.* $3.50.
Some essays on Proust in which the author takes up the cudgel to defend that writer as a moral novelist as opposed to the popular theory that Proust was a decadent one. (Emmart.)

GREAT RIVER: *The Rio Grande in North American History. By Paul Horgan. Rinehart & Co. Two vols.,* $10.
A major work which traces and tells just about everything there is to know about the history of the region of the Rio Grande and flows into two large volumes, both part of the publisher's well-known River of America Series (Tinkle.)

I LIKE PEOPLE. *By Grove Patterson. Random House.* $3.50.
The editor of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, who has written as many as 200,000 words a year for his newspaper, here writes a few more about himself and the people whom he has met while writing those original words. (Shockley.)

AN INNOCENT ON EVEREST. *By Ralph Izzard. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75.
The Lord-knows-what-course in the apparently endless feast of mountain-climbing books. Here, we are told of the travails of Mr. Izzard, who as a correspondent for the *London Daily Mail* tried to crash the successful Everest expedition, and ended up with his own expedition, which tailed the big boys to the foot of the mountain. (Douglas.)

INNSIDE NANTUCKET. *By Frank Gilbreth, Jr. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $3.
Mr. Gilbreth, whose parents had dozens of children and who has written thousands of words about them, here tells of the various rib ticklers that befall his youngest son, Bob, and his wife, Barbara, when they buy and open for business the Anchor Inn on Nantucket. (Herzberg.)

THE INVISIBLE WRITING. *By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A somewhat nerve-wracking account of one of the subjects on which Mr. Koestler is extremely prolific—his nine years in the darkness of the ideals of you-know-what. (Hormel.)

JOAN OF ARC. *By Lucien Fabre. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $5.
A biography, first published in France in 1947 and now in its first English translation. (Tinkle.)

JOURNEY WITH LOSHAY. *By George N. Patterson. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.75.
A report by a Scottish medical missionary on what he saw, smelled, ate, and thought during a perilous midwinter journey across Tibet to India. (Douglas.)

LUCREZIA BORGIA. *By Joan Haslip. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
The story of a Renaissance Italian clan of poisoners, torturers, extortionists, masters of vice, and particularly of an innocent-eyed but willing pawn of the family. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

MacARTHUR 1941-1951. *By Maj. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $5.75.
A sympathetic treatment by an old friend (plus a magazine writer) of a well-pressed old soldier who, the authors say, is fading away. (Babcock.)

THE MARCHING WIND. *By Leonard Clark. Funk & Wagnalls Co.* $5.
All about Mr. Clark's dangerous adventure through some little-known territory in central Asia where the Ngoloks and a great mountain, Amne Machin, dominate the scenery. (Flowers.)

THE PASSPORT. *By Saul Steinberg. Harper & Bros.* $5.
The ebullient incongruities of *The New Yorker* cartoonist in 350 drawings, 224 pages, and no words. (Wyllie.)

PLAIN WORDS: THEIR ABC. *By Sir Ernest Gowers. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.
A combination and condensation of the author's previously published "Plain Words" and "The ABC of Plain Words"—now a single book on the writing of good English billed by the publisher as "a guide through the thickets of gobbledygook and out to the clear sunlight of plain words. (Emmart.)

PORTRAITS. *By Desmond MacCarthy. Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A collection of essays from the pen of the distinguished British literary critic who died two years ago, first published in England two decades ago and now available for the first time in this country. (Emmart.)

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. *by Robert Coughlan. Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
Some of the sound and fury of the master's mind, including an aerial view of Yoknapatawpha county, the evolution of Snopeses and Sartorises and some Faulkner biography and other interesting subjects. An expansion of some articles which first appeared in *Life* magazine. (Hormel.)

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE. *By Mary Watkins Cushing. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $4.
A portrait, done in affection, of the great opera singer Olive Fremstad, who sang at the Met and was, besides being a house-sized prima donna, the figure on whom Willa Cather based her heroine in "Song of the Lark." Mrs. Cushing served as Madame Fremstad's right-hand woman for nearly half a century. (Bond.)

THE REBEL YELL. *By H. Allen Smith. Doubleday & Co.* $2.
The funnybone of Mr. Smith, which is particularly prominent, has this time ached with delight over a brush he has had with the South. This one purports to be a "Carpetbagger's Attempt to Establish the Truth Concerning the Screech of the Confederate Soldier Plus Lesser Matters Appertaining to the Peculiar Habits of the South." (Douglas.)

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. *As told by James Street. The Dial Press.* $3.
Or "Being a De-Mythed Account of How the Thirteen Colonies Turned the War Upside Down"—and that is just about what it is, with Mr. Street stalwartly defending his point of view that the shot heard round the world was probably fired by a tipsy colonial, that George Washington sat down when he crossed the Delaware, and other less and more important facts from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. (Flowers.)

THE ROAD TO MECCA. *By Muhammad Asad. Simon & Schuster.* $5
An account by a European-born Jew turned Moslem of a pilgrimage he made to the holy city, filled with lessons for the contemporary world, West and East. (Little.)

JOHN RUSKIN. *By Joan Evans. Oxford University Press.* $4.25.
A biography by a co-editor of Ruskin's as-yet-unpublished diaries which presents some fresh material on his marriage and a great deal of material, fresh or not so fresh, on his more public life. (Emmart.)

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES AND HIS AMERICA. *By Harry Barnard. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $6.
A biography about a commonplace president who, it turns out according to Mr. Barnard, was not very commonplace at all. (Babcock.)

THE SACRED FOREST. *By Pierre D. Gaisseau. Translated by Stephen Becker. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
An account of four gentle Frenchmen who toted cameras and sound recorders into the

BORN CATHOLICS

Assembled by F. J. Sheed

In this book (the first of its kind we do believe) nineteen people tell, not how they found the Catholic Church, but why, already finding themselves in it, they have stayed there: what their experience of the Church has been. Their criticism is freer than any convert's, their love of the Church of a different quality. All of them are lay people, all can write, apart from that they have remarkably little in common: anyone who still holds the once prevalent view that all Catholics are "forced into one mold" will be surprised—and we hope, pleased—to find them so diverse.

(Phyllis McGinley has written a poem about this book which appears in Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET.) $3.50

THE LIE ABOUT THE WEST

by Douglas Jerrold

A reply to Professor Toynbee's *The World and the West*. Mr. Jerrold thinks our civilization in no immediate need of an undertaker's services, unless we ourselves give it up for lost. His book is polite, angry and extremely heartening.

(English critics' comments on this book appear in Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET.) $1.75

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deepest jungles of French Guiana, and of their submitting to the rites of tattooing and of their observance of sundry other rituals and customs among one of the most primitive tribes, the Toma. (Bond.)

SATCHMO: *My Life in New Orleans. By Louis Armstrong. Prentice-Hall.* $3.50.
The great Satchmo lets us all in on his boyhood in New Orleans, his somewhat frightening beginnings, and how he tooted his way to glory. (Kogan.)

SELECTED ESSAYS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. *By William Carlos Williams. Random House.* $4.50.
The poet of Paterson, New Jersey, has set down a few evaluations of the works of Joyce, Lorca, Stieglitz, Robert Lowell, and others. (Cross.)

SENSE OF HUMOUR. *By Stephen Potter. Henry Holt & Co.* $4.
A new book by the author of "Gamesmanship" and "Lifemanship" which sets out to prove that there is gamemanship to funniness and that there is humor even in laughter. (Jackson.)

THE STORY OF ENGLAND: *Makers of the Realm. By Arthur Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4.50.
A three-volume work which begins with the molding of England and ends with the evolution of English ideas and institutions and their influence on a few other nations, including our own. (Dolbier.)

THE STORY OF OUR CIVILIZATION. *By Philip Lee Ralph. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75.
A short, interpretative account of our Western heritage. (Snajdr.)

THE TASTEMAKERS. *By Russell Lynes. Harper & Bros.* $5.
Mr. Lynes, who seems to have found his special niche in current American literature, here traces the impact of the professional taste-makers on the American scene, from the landscaping ambitions of A. J. Downing in the 1830s (smiling lawns and tasteful cottages) to Elsie de Wolfe (the beauty of suitability) to the antiques craze and others. (Herzberg.)

TELL FREEDOM. *By Peter Abrahams. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.
The personal history of a sensitive Negro, who grew up to become an important novelist, during the first twenty-one years of his life in South Africa. (Douglas.)

THUCYDIDES: *History of the Peloponneisan War. Translated by Rex Warner. Penguin Books. Paperbound,* $1.
Which stands as proof that the classics are not dead yet. In this soft-cover edition Thucydides pins the politics of a small ancient war down so that they might be happening today in a large modern war. (Emmart.)

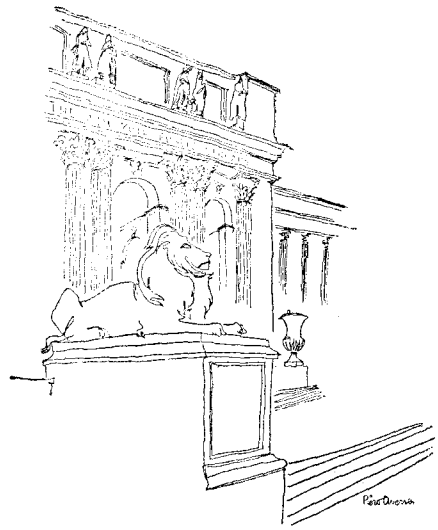
TYRANNY ON TRIAL: *The Evidence at Nuremburg. By Whitney R. Harris. Southern Methodist University Press.* $6.
An examination of the whole Nazi creed and practice as it emerged from the testimony and evidence presented at the Nuremburg trials, during which the author was a member of the prosecuting staff. (Rothermel.)

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE. *By Lesley Blanch. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
The lives of four nineteenth-century European ladies, all of whom had one thing in common: wild loves in the exotic East. The ladies: Aimee Dubucq de Rivery, who was cousin to the Empress Josephine; Isabelle Eberhardt, a Slavic mystic; the raffish Lady Ellenborough; and Isabel Burton, wife of "Burton of Arabia." (Yeiser.)

THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF JOHN MUIR. *Edited by Edwin Way Teale. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4.50.
Selections of the Scotch-American naturalist's writings, full of bird and bee and grasshopper delights, plus some bridging of gaps in the author's life by the editor. (Hormel.)

WILLIAM BLOUNT. *By William H. Masterson. Louisiana State University Press.* $6.
A biography of one of our little-known founding fathers, William Blount of North Carolina, a gentleman who culminated his career in the late 1700s by becoming the first U. S. Senator in American history to be involved in an impeachment trial. (Douglas.)

WYNDHAM LEWIS. *By Hugh Kenner. New Directions.* $2.50.
A critical biography of the English writer and painter, who got started in the days when Ezra Pound was divoting Europe's turf, and has since developed, because of his turvytopsy vision of things, into his country's Number One literary oddfellow (Yeiser.)



Fiction

EIGHT VOTES

A FABLE. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* $4.75.
A religious allegory based on the events of the false French armistice toward the close of World War I. (Bradley, Cross, Douglas, Kogan, Rothermel, Thomas B. Sherman, Smith, Tinkle.)

THE RAMAYANA. *As retold by Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
A restoration, from the ancient Brahmin version, of the legend of Prince Rama, an Indian tale that was first set down some 2,500 years ago. (Bond, Cross, O'Neill, Rothermel, Shockley, Tinkle, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES

THE GO-BETWEEN. *By L. P. Hartley. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A boy's first glimpse into the fascinating and somewhat dreadful world of the adult. (Dolbier, Douglas, Emmart, Little, Tinkle.)

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. *By John Dos Passos. Prentice-Hall.* $3.50.
The Twenties' Mr. Dos Passos writes a novel about the people who drifted into Communism in the 1930s. It centers around a boy and a girl who meet on a ship coming to the U. S. and soon get into the thick of things. (Bradley, Herzberg, O'Neill, John K. Sherman, Smith.)

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS. *By Mac Hyman. Random House.* $2.95.
All about the zany maneuverings of a couple of Georgia crackers who get into the Army and take it over in Abbott and Costello fashion. (Bradley, Herzberg, Jackson, Rothermel, Thomas B. Sherman.)

FOUR VOTES

LOVE IS ETERNAL. *By Irving Stone. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A novel about Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Stone's third opus about an American President's wife. (Babcock, Flowers, Rothermel, John K. Sherman.)

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD. *By Hamilton Basso. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A rather discerning novel about a New York lawyer who has to return to his Southern hometown and finds there certain truths about himself and about the South. (Bond, Bradley, Cross, Dolbier.)

THREE VOTES

THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP. *By Richard Haydn. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
Edwin Carp is a soft toast of a man who lives with his mother, an ailing gentlewoman whose memory has some notable gaps in it. This is his record of the forty-second year of his life, a brimming time, in which he finally loses his mother, carries on his duties as a landlord, and becomes permanently attached to Mrs. Maude Phelps, who has been waiting for him for nine years. (Cady, Hass, Snajdr.)

TWO VOTES

ANIMAL FARM. *By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.95.
Illustrated by Joy Batchelor and John Halas.
A new illustrated edition of a famous fable for our times. (Shockley, Smith.)

THE FALL OF A TITAN. *By Igor Gouzenko. Translated by Mervyn Black. W. W. Norton & Co.* $4.50.
The fall of a Russian heavyweight writer, one Mikhail Gorin, and of one Novikov, a Russian scholar, who is in love with Gorin's daughter. The author is the secluded gentleman who had much to do with breaking up a Soviet spy ring in Canada a few years back. (Little, Rothermel.)

THE GRAY CAPTAIN. *By Jere Wheelwright. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
The War Between the States, and how it was fought by the members of I Company, formerly of the 2nd Maryland Infantry, commanded by an old and dear graylock named Captain Stowell. (Hass, McManis.)

HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW. *By James Aldridge. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
The story of Ned Gordon, a T. E. Lawrence-like figure who finds in oil-ridden Arabia the peace of mind he could not find in Socialist Britain. (Rothermel, Yeiser.)

THE HUGE SEASON. *By Wright Morris. Viking Press.* $3.75.
A novel which looks into the lives of three men and a woman who, due to their mutual association with a dead tennis player, end up in front of the McCarthy committee, and of the hot coals which are heaped upon them. (Jackson, O'Neill.)

UNTO A GOOD LAND. *By Vilhelm Moberg. Translated by Gustaf Lannestock. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
The second volume of a projected trilogy, this tells of the long, slow-motion trip made by a group of Swedish emigrants from their homes to the wind-howled, snow-deep country of Minnesota one hundred years ago. (John K. Sherman, Smith.)

THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT. *By Douglass Wallop. W. W. Norton & Co.* $2.95.
A fantasy, set in 1958, about a Washington real-estate man and lover of the Senators, who sells his soul to the devil so that his team may topple the Yankees. (Cady, O'Neill.)

ONE VOTE

THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE. *By Evan Hunter. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A novel about the switch-blade wielding set at a New York City vocational high school, and of their tribulations. (Herzberg.)

BLESSED IS THE LAND. *By Louis Zara. Crown Publishers.* $3.95.
A full-blown novel about the first Jews in New Amsterdam, about their struggles and about their leader, Ashur Levy, a character often mentioned in the history books but never before in fiction. (Babcock.)

THE CAPERBERRY BUSH. *By Jack Guinn. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
Some immensely complicated and confusing doings that involve a lady running for governor of a state and being backed by her own newspaper, a messiah who is opposing her and has a rather rheumy past, and a refugee scientist who has developed a truth serum and is in reality an FBI man. (McManis.)

DAN'L BOONE KISSED ME. *By Felix Holt. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
An account of a few exciting weeks in the life of a small boy raised on a tobacco-growing farm in Kentucky. (McManis.)

THE DARK LADY. *By Cothburn O'Neal. Crown Publishers.* $3.50.
Hold on to your bodkins! This one is a novel about a girl named Rosaline who is billed as the unacknowledged daughter of the Earl of Oxford and who, the plot says, produced sonnets which she published under the name of William Shakespeare. This book is all about Rosaline, her sonnets, and, of course, the lovelight (in this case Henry, Earl of Southampton) who was the reason for it all. (Flowers.)

THE DOLLMAKER. *By Harriette Arnow. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A new novel, by the author of "Hunter's Horn" (1949), about Gertie, a bighammed Kentucky girl who goes with her husband, Clovis, to Detroit during the war, where they live in a cramped, cornery housing project, and where they learn that country poor and city poor are kin. (Smith.)

THE GOLD OF THEIR BODIES. *By Charles Gorham.* The Dial Press. $3.50.
All about the stockbroker named Gauguin who deserted the Bourse, his wife, and his family and came up with quite a stock of paintings. Postponed until spring. (Flowers.)

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HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS. *By Marguerite Yourcenar. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $4.
A fictional treatment of the Roman Emperor Hadrian and of his climb to the throne, of his smothering love for the youth Antinous, of his fabulous career of monument building, and of various other events in his life. (Cross.)

HANG UP THE FIDDLE. *By Frederic Babcock. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
About a young Nebraska newspaperman and a decision he has to make anent a childhood friend who is an outlaw's son. (Cady.)

HE WENT FOR A WALK. *By Dorothy Evelyn Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.
A somewhat determinedly heartrending story of a little boy's wanderings after a buzz bomb has made him homeless, all told in the soft-boiled, cantaloupe-squish school of writing. (McManis.)

HIGH WATER. *By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.75.
All about the race between two Mississippi barge crews, including a sinking, a drowning, a rescue, and quite a little laconic dialogue—as told by the author who turned "7½ Cents" into a Broadway hit. (Babcock.)

HOUSE PARTY. *By Virginia Rowans. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $3.50.
The doings of a July 4th houseparty on a Long Island showplace long after most of the servants have gone and the telephones have been disconnected for economy reasons and long after some of the characters portrayed show signs of determination to go on forever. (McManis.)

THE IRON MAIDEN. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
The story of Carolyn Brown, a bright young woman with piercing blue eyes, who marries the young owner of a newspaper and then takes over its direction. (Snajdr.)

KATHERINE. *By Anya Seton. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.95.
A sorrowing tale of the love between Chaucer's sister, convent-bred Kathryn Synford, and John of Gaunt, told against a full panoply of Black Death, court intrigue, and historical pageant. (Flowers.)

LAUNCELOT MY BROTHER. *By Dorothy James Roberts. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $3.95.
Last year Miss Roberts overlapped a little in "The Enchanted Cup" into the story of Launcelot and Guenivere. Now she has expanded that story into a full-length novel. (Snajdr.)

THE LEATHERSTOCKING SAGA. *By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by Allan Nevins. Pantheon Books.* $8.50.
Being a handsome edition of those parts of "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie" which specially pertain to Natty Bumppo, otherwise known as Pathfinder, Deerslayer, or Hawkeye. Illustrated by Reginald Marsh. (Hass.)

LORD GRIZZLY. *By Frederick F. Manfred. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.75.
A novel about a nineteenth-century hunting scout who had a great deal of animal vitality and a great many chances to make use of it as he wandered over most of the map of North and South Dakota and other places. (John K. Sherman.)

THE MAN WHO MADE WINE. *By J. M. Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.
The parallel lives of some old wine and an old manager of the vineyard and of their troubles and declines. (Hass.)

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. *Volume II. By Robert Musil. Coward-McCann.* $5.
A continuation of Mr. Musil's satire about the man of the title, Ulrich, who has, in this volume become Hon. Secretary of the Collateral Campaign, of his efforts to give his campaign a Great Idea, of the threat to civilization in the person of the sexual maniac Moosbrugger, and of various other situations having their satirical bearing on this world of ours. (Dolbier.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Robert Burns. 2. William Shakespeare. 3. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 4. Lord Byron. 5. Jonathan Swift. 6. Edgar Allan Poe. 7. Charles Lamb. 8. George Bernard Shaw. 9. Samuel Johnson. 10. Mark Twain.

MARY ANNE. *By Daphne DuMaurier. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
Miss DuMaurier here wanders away from the gates of Manderley again and into the past to tell the story of a fireproof maiden who was the Duke of York's mistress during the reign of George III, a wild, intelligent woman when debedded, and finally, an exile in France. (Little.)

MURDER IN PASTICHE. *By Marion Mainwaring. The Macmillan Co.* $2.75.
In an affectionate spoof of all whodunits, Miss Mainwaring has assembled a cast of nine world-renowned detectives on a single ocean liner and watched them bawl each other up. She has then dedicated all this to nine real-life famous whodunit writers. (Little.)

RAPTURE IN MY RAGS. *By Phyllis Hastings. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
About a country girl who is considered daft by her neighbors, and who spends her life taking care of her rusty father until, one day, she makes a scarecrow, the scarecrow somehow changes into a man, and the man turns out to be a murderer, her lover, and the cause of her finally doing away with her old man. (Cady.)

REUNION. *By Merle Miller. Viking Press.* $3.95.
Mr. Miller, who has made the most of his war and postwar experiences, has here traced the lives, most of which seem to center on marital troubles, of several members of his old outfit as they come together for a party. (Bradley.)

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. *By Ernest K. Gann. William Sloane & Assoc.* $3.50.
A little tale about a wife's search for her adventurous husband who, she suspects, has been captured by the Communists, and of her efforts to find him in Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and other places. (Jackson.)

SOMETHING TERRIBLE, SOMETHING LOVELY. *By William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.50.
A score or so of Mr. Sansom's highly penetrating short stories, some of them about firefighters (which was Mr. Sansom's job during the last war), some about lower-class characters in the East End, some of them pure horror stories, and some of them just plain fantasy. (Jackson.)

SON OF TI-COYO. *By Clément Richer. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
The further adventures of Ti Coyo ("Ti Coyo and His Shark," 1953), the shark man, his son, and life in Martinique. (Douglas.)

STING OF GLORY. *By Ann Willets. Random House.* $3.50.
A nice novel about some nice girls who want to break away from their nice backgrounds and, amidst bad cognac and bad men and the OSS office in Algiers, manage pretty well to do so. (Yeiser.)

SWEET THURSDAY. *By John Steinbeck. Viking Press.* $3.50.
Here Mr. Steinbeck returns to the setting and characters of "Cannery Row," telling of Doc, who interrupts his scientific study of octopi to woo and win Suzy, a local prostitute who doesn't enjoy her work. (Wyllie.)

THE SWORD OF GOD. *By René Hardy. Translated by Humphrey Hare. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
The troubles of Indochina have been recorded in newspapers, magazines, and newsreels. So are they recorded in this novel. Mr. Hardy's main character is a seasoned professional in the business of war who wants to save his brother, the abbot of a monastery, from the doom which he himself finds when he meets up with a couple of brutal Communists. (Snajdr.)

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE. *By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by Denver Lindley. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
The story of young Private Graeber, German soldier in World War II, a book that invites comparison with its author's best earlier work. (Little.)

THE WELL OF THE SILENT HARP. *by James Barke. The Macmillan Co.* $3.75.
The fifth and final volume of Mr. Barke's long fictional life of Robert Burns. (Hass.)

A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY. *By Pamela Frankau. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
Miss Frankau's new novel—last year's "To the Moment of Triumph" was her most recent—involves the revelations and understandings that are endured by a group of teenagers and young folk at a Riviera hotel, which is run by the father of one of the narrators. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: A BIOGRAPHY
R. H. Super. *A definitive work.*
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NJALS SAGA
Translated from the Old Icelandic by Carl F. Bayerschmidt and Lee M. Hollander. *A new rendering of a medieval classic.*
Winter $6.50

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS: SELECTIONS WITH CRITICAL AIDES
Gay Wilson Allen and Charles T. Davis. *A guide for the reader who wishes to form a personal judgment of these controversial poems.*
Spring

THE RISE OF FRENCH LIBERAL THOUGHT: A STUDY OF POLITICAL IDEAS FROM BAYLE TO CONDORCET
Kingsley Martin. A new edition, revised by J. P. Mayer.
October $3.75

THE 1953 ANNUAL REVIEW OF UNITED NATIONS AFFAIRS
Edited by Clyde Eagleton and Richard N. Swift $4.50

CONSUMER BEHAVIOR
Edited by Lincoln H. Clark for the *Committee for Research on Consumer Attitudes and Behavior.* $4.00

THE ROMANIAN OIL INDUSTRY
Constantin N. Jordan. *A report on conditions in the Romanian oil industry behind the Iron Curtain.*
Winter $10.00

LOGIC AND NATURE
Marie Collins Swabey. *A defense of reason as the key to ultimate truth.*
Winter Probable price $3.75

LEVITTOWN'S SCHOOLS AND THE FUTURE OF THE COMMUNITY
A survey by New York University's School of Education. $4.00

EXISTENCE THEOREMS FOR ORDINARY DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS
Francis J. Murray and Kenneth S. Miller.
October $5.00

THE ATMOSPHERIC LUNAR TIDES
Ryukichi Sawada. Meteorological Papers, New York University, Volume 2, Number 3.
November $1.50

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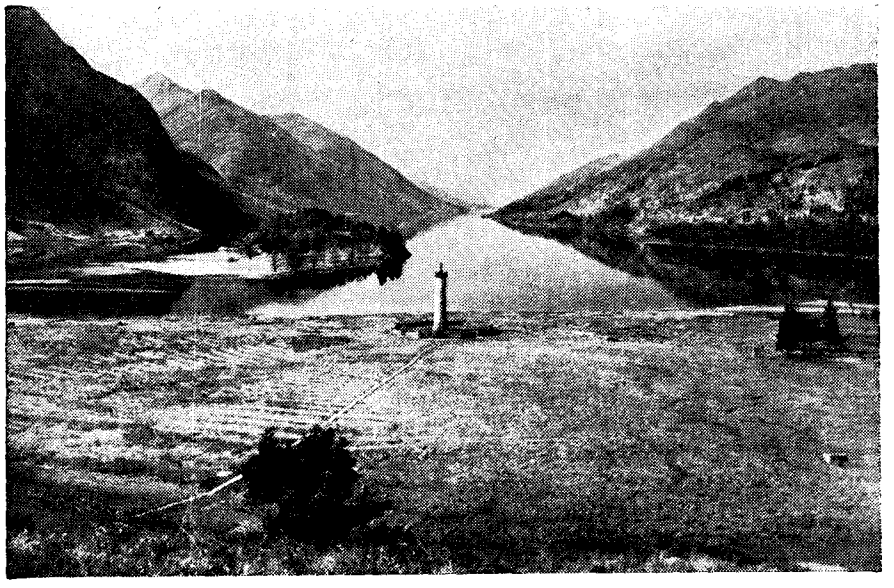
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Scotched Roomer



Prince Charles's Monument, Inverness—"the highland cattle look like wise men."

PERTH, SCOTLAND.

HAVING expected Scotland on my first view to be a land awash in Scotch dew, haggis, heather, and deerstalker hats, you can imagine my surprise when the biggest sign in Glasgow the other night advertised no less an American product than Her Nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs. Her Nibs was occupied in bouncing a beat that had nothing in common with a bagpipe across the footlights of the Empire, a dank theatre where dockers sit in judgment of Kaye, Crosby, and Hope, who rank in local esteem only a foot or two below St. Andrew.

Miss Gibbs's dressing room was a happy amalgam of Scottish and American, featuring, as it did: a Scottish fan of the chanteuse who had followed her cross-country and was busy cooking steaks on a one-burner; her English agent in wing-collar and high blood-pressure; the local *Variety* mugg, Gordon Irving, in company with wife and French poodle; and a crew-cut from Canada who was along to massage Miss Gibbs's piano. As for the diva, she was shortly ensconced on the floor listening to a 1903 phonograph that was coaxing Harry Lauder from an ancient cylinder. The aura of Lauder has brought more showpeople to Scotland than Pan-American.

Fleeing the cosmopolitan acres of Glasgow next morning I set forth in a great black Humber from Cameron Campbell's garage to see the Highland Games at Dunoon. We skimmed along the River Clyde and took the ferry from Gourock. We escaped the early winds of fall and drank hot tea in the heated cabin, a refuge where one could also nibble on a crumpet, which is merely a pancake served cold; or pancakes, which are muffins; sausage rolls, which are pastry with sausages inside; shortbread fingers; sweet scones; and oat cakes.

Dunoon had the air of New Haven on an October Saturday. Beyond the severe gray houses with their charcoal-gray roofs the green hills rolled softly into the sky, and tumbling over them came the distant skirl of the pipes. Seagulls flitted nervously. White puffs of clouds stood out in front of the graying heavens and from the quays men in knubby tweeds with sprigs of heather too big for their lapels trudged upwards along the mile march to the stadium.

The greatest sight was not the flat oval of the arena with its small grandstand and camp chairs set up in front, but the field in back of the bleachers where a thousand pipers were adjusting the drones of their pipes and rehearsing their step. One by one the separate bands were called and marched into the stadium, their music to be judged by arbiters who sat in little booths like voters, screened from the marchers lest they be influenced by clannish preference. After all, you couldn't expect a MacDonald to be unbiased in the judging of a Campbell. The Campbells massacred the MacDonalds at Glencoe in 1692. As the judges reached a decision they handed a scorecard under the screen to waiting hands, and when it came time for lunch that was passed under the partitions too.

While the Argyll and Sutherlands and the Cameron Ladies' Band and palefaced pipers from the factories of Glasgow paraded and played, on the opposite side of the field kilted youngsters bobbed to a fling, pointing their feet in a slender arch and shooting their hands to the sky through lacey cuffs. One wondered how you get your feet off the ground with the ballast of a cold crumpet in your innards, but the Scots are a hardy race. Older adherents, stripped to the waist, wrestled on the turf. Giants in kilts were busy putting the sixteen-pound ball and throwing the sixteen-pound hammer, Scots style, not to mention tossing the caber, which is a junior-sized telephone pole. And through it all came the pauseless music of the pipes coming from Event 66, a Piobaireachds for Boys, during which the youths play a lament on the pipes, having guaranteed beforehand to leave before finishing their music should the judges so signal.

We left Dunoon in a welter of weather and rode north into Argyll past Butterbridge and Beinn Ime, and swung around the high road to Rest and Be Thankful and we did and were. I answered all the plaintive quiet calls of Miss Maxine Sullivan, who sang to me all during my college days and skirted the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond from stem to stern. Mainly I would recommend the settlement called Luss, where stone cottages bright with sprays of Tom Thumb, shining orange in the sun, line the road to the pier. Swans and boats float on the loch, there is a smooth sand-and-pebble beach, and the dour, treeless bulk of Ben Lomond looks down from 3,200 feet on the far shore.

THE Colquhoun Arms Hotel is a modest inn with red geraniums at the window, a view of wheat stacks across the street, ducks and sheep for neighbors. It has memories of Sir Walter Scott and remembrances of the nearby Glen Fruin, known as the Glen of Sorrow because it was there that Colquhoun clansmen were knocked off by the MacGregors. A

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bedroom at the Colquhoun Arms "including bath, light, and attendance," comes to $2.38 a person and you can count on lunch being eighty-five cents and dinner $1.05. While the Colquhoun takes no dogs at all, the Bailie Nicol Jarvie at Aberfoyle charges one rate for small dogs and a higher tariff for any mutt classified "large." Should you be wondering about such a strange name for an inn, a bailie is a sort of local magistrate and Mr. Jarvie was the particular officer who brought Rob Roy, a benevolent outlaw, to the bar.

There is little indeed I can say for the Trossachs Hotel, a place valued by Ashley Courtenay, the British Duncan Hines, located in the wooded valley of Perth, a locale that was favored by Scott in "Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy." Dirty breakfast dishes were piled higher than Ben Lomond in the dining room, and when the waitress had to ask the headwaiter and the headwaiter had to ask the manager and the manager had to ask the chef to make scrambled eggs when only boiled, fried, coddled, and poached were on the menu I had had it.

On the other hand there is hardly enough I can say for the fine Gleneagles Hotel, a great baronial establishment in the Perth Highlands looking down on the Ochil Hills. Mainly Gleneagles offers what it calls "holiday golf," by which it means that a golf ball come to earth rests high on the grass rather than plopping on the sandy soil as is the case at St. Andrews. The King's Course and the Queen's Course are separated by a burn called the Hench 'o Dule and holes have such names as East Neuk, Wee Bogle, and Needle E'e.

Aside from duffing through the moors, there are a pair of squash courts, an indoor pool, a movie theatre, and a billiard room; and besides, arrangements can be made for hiring a moor on which to pop a grouse. Run by the British Railways, Gleneagles is easily the best resort hotel I have ever seen in Britain, and I think you will be surprised to learn that a single room and bath with Scottish ribs of beef, local salmon, boar's head, and such, comes to about $11 a day everything included.

Rolling north to Pitlochry through Corrymuckloch and Trochrie, Scotland became a treeless vista of moors sprinkled with the coolness of ferns and great patches of heather that looked brown in the distance and a deep and subtle purple when you got up close. The road ran through stone dikes, which is what they call fences, and past rows of hives that produce heather honey, and past herds of Highland cattle that have long hair and wide horns and beards and look like wise men. Sunday dawned cool and uncertain, but in their tweeds and their wool all of Scotland was off in the moors finding a clear space between the heather to brew a pot of tea on a portable stove, and nibbling, I suspect, on shortbread and sweet scones, oat cakes and sausage rolls, and pancakes, which are muffins and crumpets, which are yesterday's pancakes served today. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Records

THE TRAVELER TALKS: All manner of methods, from Berlitz to pushbutton gadgets, have been produced to make the tourist talk. **"French As You Hear It"** (Zodiac Recording Co., $14.95) seems to be one of the most sensible and pleasant ways of giving you a smattering of speaking French without making you climb over the *plume-de-ma-tante* obstacles. One cardboard box contains three long-playing records and a lesson book. You play the record and follow the talk in the book. In all there are twenty-five lessons beginning with a list of words, coursing into sentences until you are able to say, along about lesson four or five, such things as "two million francs" and "I am going to France, too." For the advanced pupil there are expressions one might use on an excursion from Versailles to Chartres, aboard a *bateau mouche*, or on the Riviera (*"pour aller de Nice à Menton prenez le car"*). The last exercise—and you never had a more engaging final exam—are recitations of "The Three Little Bears" (*"Un gros papa ours, une maman ourse, et un petit bébé ours"*), not to mention the story in French of "Little Red Riding Hood," a lady known as *"Le Petit Chaperon Rouge."* —H. A. S.

Tossing the caber at the games.

Across the Andes by bus . . . through head hunter country on foot . . . with two gay adventurers.

KARL ESKELUND and his lovely Chinese wife saw South America the hard way—bumping over roads in the icy Andes — slogging through sweltering Amazon jungles—taking in every out-of-the-way spot from Colombia to southern Chile. They visited the weird Colorado Indians, headhunters of the savage Jibaro country, Machu Picchu, hidden stone city of the Incas. And everything they saw . . . magnificent scenery, cruel inequality, comic ineptitude . . . is described with perception and wit. If you've an ounce of wanderlust, you won't want to miss this book. *With photographs by the author.* $3.75

Vagabond Fever

A GAY JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF THE ANDES

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RAND McNALLY

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HARPER

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Fiction

Continued from page 31

Communist conspiracy—a conspiracy which aims at nothing less than controlling the "apparatus of communications." When Hitler and Stalin join hands he and his friends flee to cover and hold secret meetings in the huge home of a wealthy crackpot who loves all "causes." Jed becomes a large cog in the wheels of the Screen Writers Guild; and when Russia becomes our ally he organizes a vast fund-raising campaign for "our noble allies." Felicia leaves him and runs away to Cape Cod, where she belongs. Then he again meets the "rich bitch" of the luxury liner, by this time a haggard and penniless beauty. He drops his other bedmates and takes her home as his "housekeeper." He is growing too fat and short-winded for the amorous excitement she provides, but he loves her in his unique way, and she fits into his proletarian philosophy that women are meant for only one purpose. In the end his Commie superiors discover that Jane is a spy for the FBI and tell him that she will have to be killed. Instead, Jed has a heart attack.

Perhaps it might be kindest to say simply that, barring the plot and the theme, the novel suffers from too many long-winded speeches and from the lack of a single male character who is honestly misguided.

Notes

BISTRO PEOPLE: Dawn Powell is a novelist who when at the top of her form should make the majority of her professional colleagues want to sell their typewriters and take up something less taxing. **"The Wicked Pavilion"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) represents Miss Powell at the top of her form. It is a book which has as its hero not a person, but an environment—the cultural climate of the Fifties—concentrated within the limits of a rendezvous called the "Cafe Julien." It doesn't require a Hawkshaw to deduce that the model for Miss Powell's fabled bistro "around the corner from Washington Square" is the departed Cafe Lafayette, which graced University Place for about fifty years until it was kicked to bits to make way for more up-to-date real estate.

The fullest of the several plots which begin and end at the Julien is the one involving Dalzell Sloane, a painter of talent who has no genius for self-promotion. Paradoxically (and the book abounds in paradoxes), Sloane enjoys a belated success only

through a bitterly amusing case of mistaken identity. Sloane's synthetic triumph gives the author her best opportunities for crackling satire. Intellectual harpies, "cultural necrophiles," and other animal life are dispatched with one stroke of a razor-sharp machete. There is also some wonderful art-talk of a generation "brought up on Picasso and Modigliani" which thinks that "women have three heads and two guitars," and which is now confronted with a realistic master called Marius ("But look, Essie, this dining-room table has real spaghetti on it!"). They react to Marius's technique the way people responded "when moving pictures started talking out loud."

Miss Powell is taken in by nothing, not even by the *gemütlichkeit* of the Cafe Julien. If her wit has a base of wormwood, so had the stimulating Pernod which the Julien specialized in. "The Wicked Pavilion" is a bitter book, but it communicates a warm regard for the era which fell apart with the Julien. —MARTIN LEVIN.

YOUNG EXPATRIATES: The café tables of Europe are filled today with rebellious youths from this side of the Atlantic who are suffering eloquently from the disease of growing-up and are attempting the dubious cure of expatriation. Of such stuff is the hero of Mordecai Richler's short novel **"The Acrobats"** (Putnam's, $3.50), a very young painter who has settled momentarily in Valencia, Spain.

He numbers among his acquaintances all the usual types, from the innocent prostitute to the paternalistic wandering Jew and, in a series of rather violent experiments in human relationships, he is led at last, on the climactic night of a gaudy fiesta, to his death.

Through it all, in bedroom and barroom, he attempts to ascertain his position in a world desolated by a war in which he was too young to fight; and, deprived even of *that* claim to what he believes is legitimacy, he gives himself an uneasy time of it.

The answers he finds for himself are not important, and his postured agonies and ecstacies are likely to amuse the patronizing elders who will read the story. But the author is only twenty-three, and such torments are no doubt part of his own recent history. His response to them, though lacking in mature assimilation, is often intense with a vivid awareness of personality and place. And the quality of the book's emotions is honest, even though many of the scenes that convey them are inchoate or awkwardly contrived. Mr. Richler isn't afraid of trying and, all in all, he tries pretty well. In addition, and perhaps without realizing it, his casual picture of the seamy surface of street-life in urban Spain is a bitterly accurate one. —JEROME STONE.

SADIST AT SEA: America's maritime unions have made a constitutional monarchy of the one-time tyranny of the captain of a merchant ship at sea. Some countries, however, do not have such unions, and extend the rights of registration under their flags to shipping companies whose offices and real interests are in the United States. Robert F. Mirvish's fourth novel, **"The Long Watch"** (Sloane, $3.50), tells what happens aboard a ship owned by such a company when its American captain uses his position for graft and for personal gratification through sadistic treatment of the crew.

Mr. Mirvish's ostensible hero is Raymond Halder, a young radio officer purser who is trying to erase his bad record as a drinker on American ships by serving a year's cruise on the Panamanian-registered *Morning Pride*. But the sadistic Captain Moore nearly runs away with the ship, Ray's girl, and the book. Leaving port as first mate, Moore is shortly named to replace the sick captain, and immediately asks Ray to connive with him at squeezing money out of the crew's mess account, and at overloading the ship with extra cargo for private fees. Ray refuses, and after a couple of epic fist fights in Cherbourg, the *Morning Pride* sails for the Philippines with a female stewardess aboard who is chasing Ray, but who sleeps for convenience in the Captain's cabin. Out of the enmity that results from this situation, and out of the events that lead up to the sinking of the ship in a China Sea typhoon, Mr. Mirvish builds an unexpectedly subtle and sympathetic portrait of Captain Moore, but loses the rest of his characters in the gratuitous violence of his plot.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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The World

Continued from page 28

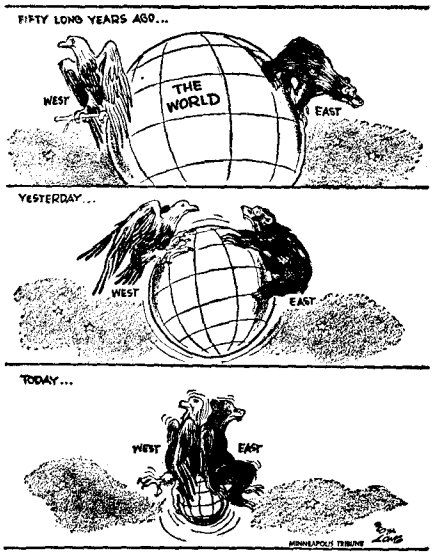
tionist solutions; and of the resultant "oversimplified explanations of our troubles, with all our woes ascribed to Yalta, to Versailles, to Munich, or to some other one occasion, usually without the haziest knowledge of the event itself."

It is a theme close to that developed recently by George Kennan (the former head of the Policy Planning Board) when he questioned the "red skein" of the "legalistic-moralistic approach" which he found to run through our foreign policy of the past fifty years. Mr. Marshall, however, finds a homelier figure. There is, he puts it, too much of Walter Mitty in our popular attitudes toward foreign policy; and he demonstrates it in his final lecture by lightly sketching the disappointing outcome of all the great, unitary solutions which have been popular since 1900—from the passion for arbitration to the passion for world organization (the League and the U.N.), from the "outlawry of war" to the flight into "neutrality." It has, he says, been valuable to him "to trace the rising and vanishing fads and to note the self-assured conclusiveness of their advocates, the unprophetic qualities of what once passed for public wisdom, and history's ironic way of dealing with certitude." It would be salutary if Senatorial and other present-day generators of "public wisdom" could be induced to follow Mr. Marshall in the process.

The author seldom suggests any specific courses for foreign policy to follow. But on the Russian issue he has an interesting comment. One "logically possible" course is to precipitate a general war now; the other "logically possible" course is to settle for a *modus vivendi* on the present basis—and neither promises anything but disaster. If that is the best that logic can do maybe we should be less logical and more ready to grin and bear with the risks and muddles of "containment," to which, after many loud noises, our foreign policy has in fact largely returned.

Notes

CANADA TODAY AND TOMORROW: For two days last November, Canadian Westinghouse Company, in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, sponsored a conference in Quebec City on Canada's future. **"Canada's Tomorrow"** (Macmillan, $4) is a collection of the nine papers delivered at the conference, plus an introduction by the president of McMaster University, G. P. Gilmour. Included is also a digest of the discussion on the subject of the papers.



—*Scott Long in* The Minneapolis Tribune.

"The Shrinking Globe."

Symposia are not usually very fascinating to others than those participating in them. But in this case there were several papers delivered by Canadians of authority which are not only worth reading but are valuable to a fuller understanding of our northern neighbor, which has made tremendous strides in the past ten years.

The paper by Max Mackenzie, formerly Canada's deputy minister of trade and commerce and now executive vice president of the Canadian Chemical and Cellulose Co., on Canada's natural resources is not the usual paean of the vast resources so often heard. It is, instead, a sober appraisal of what Canada needs to develop those resources and a strong argument for the encouragement of risk capital. Mr. Mackenzie emphasizes, using the examples of the building of Canada's first transcontinental railroads, that "no better system has yet been found for encouraging risk-taking than that which provides some substantial benefit for the risk taker who is successful."

Canada's industrial growth has been vast. The development of her arts has by no means kept pace. A frank discussion of Canada's weakness in the cultural field by Hilda Neatby, professor of history at the University of Saskatchewan, entitled "Cultural Evolution," is one of the best general views of the subject. She doesn't sugar-coat her opinions, as when she says: "It is generally agreed that, although Canadian painting has made at least an appreciable contribution to civilization, Canadian literary output

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so far might disappear without being greatly missed."

Donald Creighton, whose life of Sir John A. Macdonald, the architect of Canada's Confederation, has been so widely accepted as a top-rate work, here contributes "Canada in the World." He is outspoken about Canada's isolationist position and immaturity between the two world wars and for those who would understand Canada's present activity in world affairs Professor Creighton's paper is most helpful. Here is a valid explanation of the former Canadian no-commitments policy in external affairs as contrasted with its current participation as a nation with ideas of how to keep the peace.

There are other papers, too, worth reading by those who would like to know the Canada that is more than Mounties, iron ore, oil, and hockey players.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

A THIRD PARTY TAKES ROOT: The third party, hopelessly transient in American politics, is a successful enterprise in Britain. By its nature seeded in radicalism, whether of the left or the right, the American attempts have floundered in what may be a strength and a defect of character, peculiarly

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
17 AND BLACK *Jack Waer* (Viking: $2.75)	LA casino mgr. opens up swank Mexico City dive; trouble ensues.	Background unusual, well blocked in; pace and dames fast.	Nice novelty number
MY SON, THE MURDERER *Patrick Quentin* (S&S: $2.50)	Death dissolves NY publishing partnership; Lt. Trant has helpers.	Heavily emoted, some characters oddish, but pace is excellent.	High plus mark
THE CORAL PRINCESS MURDERS *Frances Crane* (Random House: $2.75)	Pat and Jean Abbott, at ease in Tangier, buck dope ring, etc., etc.	Strong on interior decorating, female attire; story conventional.	Bland
MURDER IN HASTE *Heather Gardiner* (Roy: $2.50)	Cockney gal passes out at swank Australian party; Sydney cops are courteous.	Over-impressionistic; everybody is "darling" to everybody else.	Try again, young lady
DEATH AT THE ISTHMUS *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.75)	NY lawyer flies to Panama to aid war buddy; death beats him to punch.	Nice setting; cast sound; could move wee mite faster.	Professional job
INVITATION TO MURDER *Leslie Ford* (Scribner's: $2.75)	Gay Newport evening upset by quick deaths; cops and bankers buzz about.	Fine old-school villain; characters largely stinkers; love finds way.	Pleasant, lively
THE BLUNDERER *Patricia Highsmith* (Coward-McCann: $3)	N.J. wife-killer bedeviled by L.I. lawyer also in marital crisis; Phila. cop horns in.	Hero bit of sap; tension high save in spots; end won't please all.	Fancy-work
THE MURDER POOL *Eric Heath* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Montague-Capulet crisis comes to head in LA natatorium.	Cops dopes, eye genius; characterization weak; some pace.	Submarginal
THREE BY TEY *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $3.95)	Trio of full-lengths by late and great English practitioner; fine intro. by James Sandoe.	Included in reissue: "Miss Pym Disposes," "The Franchise Affair," "Brat Farrar."	Mystery bargain of 1954
FOUR DEAD MICE *Thomas Black* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Big-time US bakers perturbed as rodents infest breadstuff; Op. Al Delaney sniffs.	Noisy gals, tough eggs get in on act, which is heavily overgagged.	Medium
THE BODY IN THE BASKET *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Footsore NY Insp. Schmidt turns up in Madrid, no less; own fellow countrymen prove problem.	Data-withheld job; local color pleasant; agreeable but wordful.	Nice, but strung out
THE DEVIL THREW DICE *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.75)	NY State cops tangle with multiform rural adult delinquency.	Too many streams of consciousness; too much writing.	Rather confusing

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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American—a compulsion for the whole works.

In **"The Origins of the Labour Party, 1880-1900"** (Macmillan. $4). Henry Pelling, a tutor and fellow at Oxford, gives a scholarly account of the more practical approach to political organization with which British radicals advanced socialism. The origins of the Labour Party lie not in revolutionary dogma, espoused by H. D. Hyndman and his Social-Democratic Federation and rejected by British Socialists earlier than by their American contemporaries, nor, as a current myth would have it, in the patient evolutionism of the Fabians, who were until 1906 skeptical of any independent labor party. Although the London intellectuals provided labor with a long-range program, finally accepted in 1918, the equally doctrinaire but more exuberant, more pressed, and more practical journalist-politicians H. H. Champion and Kier Hardie, with a nucleus of followers, sought a future for socialism in a conversion of the apolitical trade unions of the 1880s. Their view supported by cyclical unemployment and the growing hostility of British industry, which saw in the development of American trusts an emulative sledge-hammer, Hardie as propagandist and later as "M.P. for the Unemployed," and Champion as editor and union organizer, charted but one immediate aim, the formation of an independent labor party which would seek immediate reforms in wages and welfare. This first cause, before which they soft-pedaled collectivism, was sweetly abetted by the intransigence of the Liberal Party, which through the Nineties refused to nominate labor men though it professed to represent their interests, and by the anti-strike decisions culminating in Taff-Vale. Admittedly the trade unions, driven by the impact of mechanization as well as by a social hailstorm, were forced to abandon their political position. The new point to be drawn from Mr. Pelling's well-documented history is that they would not have accepted Socialist leadership if not for the excellent tactics of the Socialists.

Third-party hopefuls, as well as third-party scholars, will profit from the lessons Messrs. Champion and Hardie preached and practised. Students of the Labor Movement will find Mr. Pelling's chronology, drawn chiefly from original sources, interesting and valuable. Third-party hopefuls and scholastic amateurs, however, may find this document a bit trying, as it is hard-spliced with fact and with only belated interpretation. Yet it will be easier stuff for the amateur than for the impracticals.

—THOMAS WHEELER.

Why You Can't Spell

Continued from page 17

(ee-oo) as in few (which would make "beauty" into "biuti"); and

(aw-ee) as in boil (which would make your son a "boi"). This is an exception, in that "o" is not given the Romance long sound.

SOME would-be spelling reformers, by exasperating inconsistency, make phonetic spellers tear the remaining pages from their spellers. For example, they suggest "nite" for "night." That is bad, because it uses a silent "e" and all silent letters should be eliminated. The phonetic logic of "night" is "nait."

If you have spelling trouble with the chameleon letter "c" you have lots of company. We should use "k" for the hard sound and "s" for the soft. This gives us an extra symbol, and we might substitute our "c" for the digraph "ch" used in "church," unless we accept some other single symbol for "ch."

Another passé letter would be "q," as phonetic "kw" makes "quick" into "kwik." Also for the trash heap or the symbol-shortage pile is our "x"; it always phonetically is either "ks" as in "ekstra" or "gz" as in "egzampl."

If you wish to improve your spelling of present-day English, here are three helps:

1. Learn a few rules, such as how to form endings and "i before e except after c." You'll find them in spellers and some dictionaries.

2. Use a dictionary whenever you're in doubt about spelling or pronunciation.

3. Pronounce precisely. Strange as it seems, much misspelling arises from mispronouncing. A friend noticed he always misspelled "similar" because he was miscalling it to rhyme with "familiar." If you carefully say "February" you'll write that "r" after the "b." If you pronounce only two syllables for "ath-lete" you won't miswrite it "ath-a-lete."

If you wish to use Fonetik (phonetic) spelling, observe:

Principle 1. Every sound has one and only one character; every character has one and only one sound.

Principle 2. Every vowel (with its attendant consonant) is a separate syllable, except in the case of the four difthongs, which are blended.

Principle 3. Don't use double letters; don't use silent letters.

Principle 4. In a free country Fonetik spelling must come gradually, by courageous individual action, not by legislation.

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1071

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A device used in cutting gem facets.

B. Army slang for a helicopter (not in Webster).

C. Place of the Escurial among the medieval "Wonders of the World."

D. Title, sketches of Michigan frontier, 1839 (with "Who'll Follow?"; 2 wds.).

E. Amer. artist: "Battle of Gettysburg," State Capitol, Harrisburg (1817-95).

F. Nautical term describing a flag stopped in the middle.

G. Producing a clear impression on the senses.

H. An easy death; a "mercy-killing."

I. Real surname, English prelate known as Thomas Scott (1423-1500).

J. When "shepherds quake" in "Silent Night" (3 wds.).

K. The "T" "ETO."

WORDS

159 54 9 125 12 143 46 99 52

1 156 177 66 22 135 108 91 29 49

48 96 27 86 10 141

60 133 69 90 120 149 136

168 129 140 39 84 78 176 34 109

51 95 73 81 55 180

17 148 61 107 123

50 88 11 116 113 15 138 172 67 153

5 21 111 179 117 134 33 41 102

164 114 137 152 28 173 62 178 169 147

161 70 131 144 64 40 25

DEFINITIONS

L. Small olivaceous flycatcher.

M. British soldier who effected a reconciliation during Sepoy Mutiny (1819-68).

N. Undercoat of paint used to level up inequalities.

O. What stock certificates, bonds, etc., represent.

P. What engines do without cooling systems.

Q. Quandary.

R. Epithet of Voltaire, with "of Ferney."

S. Where "Day is dying" in the hymn (3 wds.).

T. An early seat of Christianity.

U. A tenderfoot in Alaska.

V. "The Line" to a geographer.

WORDS

77 18 98 175 146

58 43 3 170 130 154 23 80

35 16 158 89 174 106 165 57 45 128

79 32 126 36 7 139 83 167 93 97

118

44 132 127 42 13 38 31 162

82 71 124 150 145 30 24

171 163 151 122 65 100 87 103 112 59

76

101 26 20 119 94 37 142 74 85

8 166 160 6 115 75 105

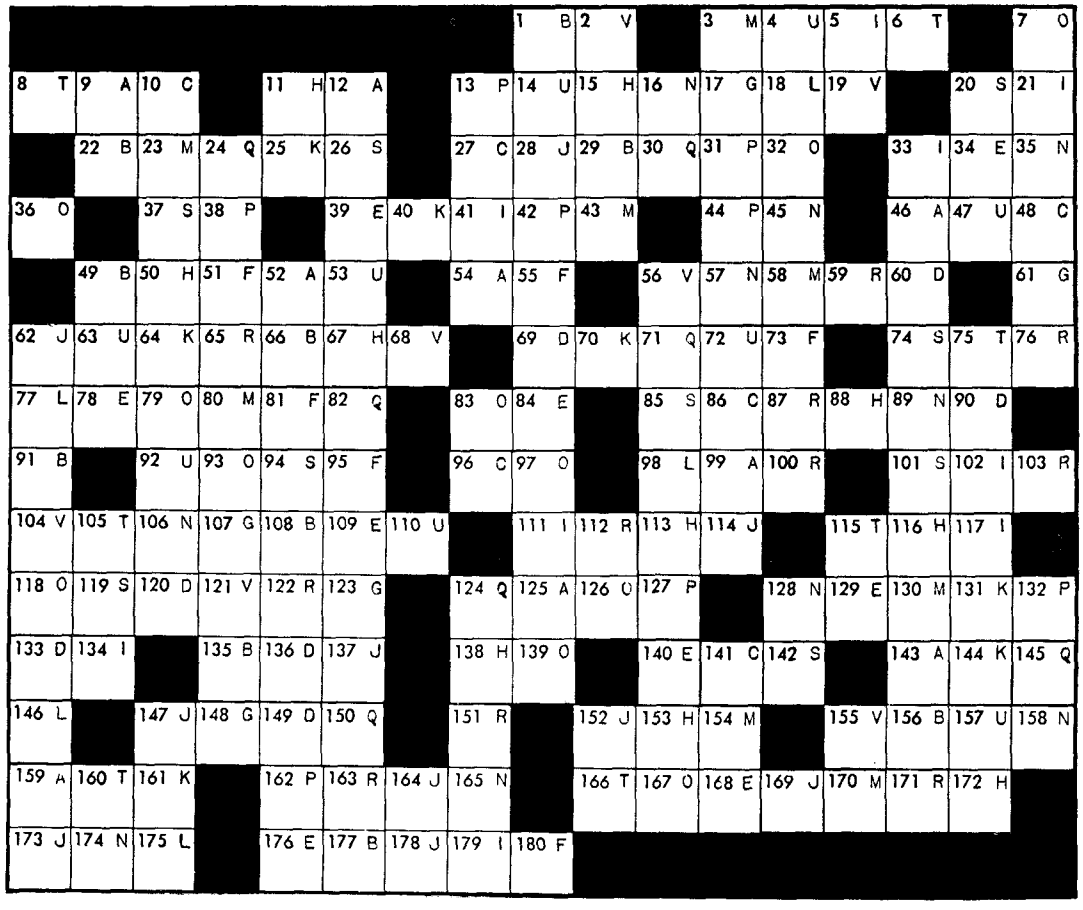
63 47 4 110 72 53 14 92 157

2 56 121 68 155 104 19

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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City ..... Zone ..... State .....

R 1

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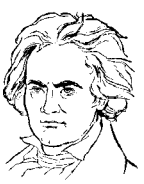

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